

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2673.—VOL. XCVII.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



GRANDE FÊTE FRANÇAISE AND MASQUE DES FLEURS, AT PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY, IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF ALL SAINTS', PARIS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Is it better for a novelist to be popular or unpopular? To some persons this may seem an easy question to answer; but in an age like the present, where matters are looked into with the inward and microscopic eye, and what used to be common-sense has become commonplace, this is not at all the case. Of course, the popular writer gets more butter spread on his bread, and, like a model child, if he is *very* good—no, not “good,” that is begging the question, but very popular—even some sugar sprinkled over it, which is denied to his less fortunate brother; but butter and sugar, though desirable things in themselves, are not to be considered in high matters of this kind. No, nor even beer and skittles. The novelist may be amusing, but, alas! may not be “attuned to the higher influences”; he may be interesting, but not possess “the true artistic faculty.” Who would accept mere popularity in lieu of such qualities as these? On the other hand, he may have them, and yet seem a little dull to the ordinary reader. That epithet is never applied by any writer in a friendly spirit: he is hand-in-glove with “the gentle reader” and the “intelligent reader,” but when he refers to the ordinary reader he strikes a note of antagonism. “The ordinary reader will,” he says, “perhaps fail to appreciate,” &c., but he means will certainly fail. There has been a plébiscite of ordinary readers in the periodical *London* as to the attractions of living British novelists; and the result has given great dissatisfaction to persons of culture. They say that the list ought to be reversed—be turned bottom upwards! Thank Heaven, I am not at the top of it! I approach the subject gingerly indeed, but with disinterestedness. There are thirty-eight novelists voted for, two of whom, by-the-bye, I have never so much as heard of. In the matter of literary genius they are a revelation to me, so that, at all events, I have something to be thankful for to this “plébiscite of Londoners.” Mr. Blackmore is in the safest position imaginable, being exactly in the middle; so, whether the list be turned topsy-turvy or not, he will remain where he is. Equally indifferent to the smiles of the cultured or the shouts of the crowd he keeps his centre of gravity. His condition, similar to that of the coffin of the prophet Mahomet, is really most remarkable, and will greatly puzzle the gentlemen who have a philosophic reason for almost everything. That the author of “Lorna Doone” should have seventeen living novelists preferred before him in a plébiscite of either the cultured or the uncultured is simply amazing. The gentleman whom all the critics agree in describing as “our greatest novelist” is not mentioned at all, which I am sure will please him very much. A lady heads the list; a lady—not a real lady, but a gentleman whom the adjudicator (as I gather by the way he spells her Christian name) believes to be one—concludes it. To those who care for such matters—and they are numerous—it is interesting reading.

If you want to see the country, not in a hurry, and stopping at all sorts of beautiful places not in the Bradshaw programme, you should come to London by the Dover express. A Londoner myself, I had no idea what advantages were afforded to its passengers, until quite lately. I had read letters in the newspapers about “the creeping of the trains,” of course, but nothing of the opportunities they afford to the lovers of the picturesque by actual stoppages. I came up on Monday, June 30 (to be exact), by the train that ought to have arrived at Charing-Cross at 9.50 a.m., and between Sevenoaks and London Bridge we stopped no less than eight times, I suppose to admire the scenery. The places, nowhere near stations, and charmingly secluded, were no doubt chosen for that purpose, and gave me great satisfaction; but the disapproval of some fellow-passengers, who wanted to “catch an express” at Euston, was so loud and vehement that it greatly interfered with my appreciation. They did not seem to care the least for the views, and, so far from acknowledging the forethought of the directors in providing them, condemned them (in very appropriate, because picturesque, language) “up hill and down dale.”

They told me the story of the gentleman who refused to provide a ticket for his dog at Dover, on the ground that that animal would come as quickly running by the side of the train: a compromise was, however, effected by his being tied on to the last compartment, under which he ran, like a Danish or carriage dog, as far as Sevenoaks. It had been the secret hope of the engine-man that, before then, the creature would have been strangled—a victim to a too daring competition—whereas he seemed quite fresh and not in the least inconvenienced by the rate of travel. The speed was therefore put on to the extreme limit known to the express, and at London Bridge they found the poor dog, very tired—with waiting. He had bitten through the rope and run on, and greeted his master on the platform with a smile that seemed to say, “Well, you have got here at last!” Another story of the train was that a man on the roadside, unaccustomed to its appearance and peculiar rate of speed, was seen reverently to remove his hat. He had taken the Dover express for a funeral procession. For my part, I do not live on this line of railway, and care nothing about its unpunctuality: what I was struck by was its love of the picturesque, and determination to enjoy it, though by fits and starts. But I can imagine that if a man wanted to catch a train at Euston, the loss of half an hour (exactly) between Sevenoaks and Charing-Cross, through these rural surveys, must have been rather irritating.

The notion of “separate tables” (as advertised in our hotel advertisements) for private dinner-parties is admirable, but it strikes me there will be some difficulty in carrying the revolution into effect. No one can deny that “a dinner of twenty is no better than a table d’hôte,” and, indeed, has nothing that can be called social belonging to it. You may have a bore on both sides of you, whether you are male or female, and, outside

of these, conversation, to be called such, is impossible. As a general rule, the company is dominated by one or two talkers, who may or may not be worth listening to, but whom in either case you wish somewhere else. Our position too often reminds one of Goldsmith’s *Traveller*, “remote, unfriended, melancholy slow.” But if you will have large dinner-parties, how is this to be avoided? There are not many dining-rooms in London spacious enough to allow of separate tables for three or four people, and this initial difficulty will be nothing compared with that of the placing of the guests. Engaged couples, indeed, may be put alone, because they do not want to be with other people, and nobody wants to be with them. But, in other cases, it will be very hard to gratify individual tastes. The bores will never consent to be placed together: “dog will not eat dog”; they require, not rivals in their dreadful calling, but victims, and love to see them writhe and shudder as they rend them. These must be provided for them, or the hostess may be assured there will be “wigs on the green.” It will be all very well for the nice young women and the nice young men she seats together at her nice little tables; but the old gentlemen (with whom she dare not quarrel) will never put up with it. At balls and tennis-parties such things must be; but a dinner-party is the last and only chance for philandering an old gentleman gets, and a pretty thing it would be (but only in a sarcastic sense) to find himself alone with the dowagers! I am not in my first youth myself, but not yet in my second; and I, for one, will be hanged if I stand it! Separate tables? Yes, if one has the choice of one’s company; but separate tables, and trust to the peculiar views of one’s hostess or to chance—never! I would just as soon think of going to America by a Cunarder without knowing the man whom I may be shut up with for a week in the same cabin! It is true there are people who run this risk; but they are lunatics, and the proper apartment for them is “the padded room.”

A “constitutional crisis” is said to be imminent at a certain high-class and long-established institution in St. James’s-street. Some members want to have annual meetings there “like other clubs.” Rather than bear the ills they have they are prepared to fly to others that they know not of. It reminds one of Hamlet (who was mad), or of some dreadful fable out of *Æsop*. The club has existed one hundred and thirty years, and never had an annual meeting. This has no parallel, except in the couples who get the flitch of bacon at Dunmow for never having quarrelled; for, indeed, an annual meeting generally is a quarrel upon a grand scale, and often ends in something like a free fight. It is the only day in the year when there is a difficulty about one’s lunch, and a still greater difficulty about one’s cigar after lunch. There are more mouths to be fed than the cook can provide for, and oratory, not of a very brilliant kind, usurps the home of the gentle weed. It is rumoured, indeed, that it has been hitherto enacted that the members of the institution in question are not allowed to dine at it unless in evening dress, and that it is against this intolerable tyranny that the banner of revolt has been raised. In that case—and that alone—it has my sympathy. There should be annual meetings every day till liberty is proclaimed.

If what is in print must be true, how much more must this be the case with what is given in evidence in a Court of Justice! Upon this authority we now have it stated that “a good swimmer cannot drown.” He differs from his fellows, should he desire extinction, in being unable to find it in the watery element. He may “make a hole in the water,” but he cannot remain in it long enough for his requirements. You might as well attempt to drown a cork. If this be true, history, or, at all events, fiction, must be rewritten. Even poetry will have to be reconsidered. Byron sings of “a strong swimmer in his agony”: we had always imagined that his distress of mind was occasioned by his fear of being drowned. It now appears, either that his Lordship (though himself a good swimmer) did not know what he was writing about, or that the subject of his verse was an intending suicide, disgusted with his supernatant powers. The intrepidity of those heroes of fiction who—always “the best swimmers of their time” at Eton or Oxford—take headers from precipices into whirlpools to rescue the beloved object, was, it seems, all rubbish: they couldn’t drown if they would, and I need not say that they had not the least intention of drowning. The gentle reader has been imposed upon for generations. At one time that well-known hero who throws himself in the way of the bull was charged with duplicity. Some scientific person authoritatively declared that you had only to turn your back on the bull, and look through your legs at him, to cause him to retreat immediately: it was supposed that the hero had discovered this secret in natural history, and, while pretending to prodigies of valour, in reality ran no risk at all. The beloved object of course had fainted, and could give no testimony upon this extraordinary proceeding. What was a mere scientific experiment she took for a miracle of valour, and when brought to herself she (literally) gave herself away to her supposed deliverer. However, it so happened that the *savan* in person found himself pursued by a bull, who, so far from being deterred by being looked at from this novel point of view, took advantage of the peculiar position of his adversary to toss him into the next field—fortunately, over a gate. The scientific theory, therefore, fell through, and the reputation of the bull-quelling hero was re-established. One cannot help hoping that a similar mistake has been made in this case of supernatation; for it is far better that a few good swimmers should be drowned than that a “situation” so essential to the novelist should (so to speak) be “withdrawn from circulation.”

The Lord Chief Justice, in dealing with “the suffering caused to invalids” by the clamour of a Salvation Army band, informs us that “that is a matter upon which people are not entitled, in law, to be too sensitive.” It seems a pity that his Lordship, in stating, no doubt correctly, the law upon the subject, should not have thought it worth while to comment

upon the brutality of the conduct in question of a body claiming to be religious. Mr. Bumble himself could not prevent the law being “a Hass,” but surely the term “sensitive” should hardly have been chosen by such a master of language as the Lord Chief Justice to describe the position of persons suffering from brain-fever, or other disease in which noise means death, when agonised by street music. The case is not, as he describes it, on all fours with “a band belonging to one of her Majesty’s regiments,” because the latter goes by, whereas a Salvation band often remains stationary, in spite of protest, beneath the window of a sick-room. There is nothing now left to us, it seems, in the way of remedy, except the course I have ventured to point out before. Friends of the invalid should note that the largest drum may be permanently destroyed in half a second by puncture with a penknife.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in the enjoyment of good health, held an investiture at Windsor Castle on July 2, when the Duke of Connaught was presented with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and several gentlemen received the honour of knighthood. On the 3rd the Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, arrived at the castle. The Bishop of St. Albans and the Bishop of Bangor did homage on their appointments. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, the Earl of Lathom, and Sir Robert Morier arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. The Empress Frederick and suite went to the Marlborough Gallery, 53, Pall-mall. The Queen and Princess Beatrice on the 4th came to London and paid a visit to the Royal Military Exhibition at Chelsea. Her Majesty was conducted through the galleries, and expressed great interest in what she had witnessed. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught accompanied the Queen back to Windsor. The Empress Frederick paid a visit to the Metropolis, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. The Imperial party returned to Windsor Castle in the afternoon. The Royal dinner-party on the 5th included the Empress Frederick, Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, the Hereditary Prince and the Hereditary Princess of Fürstenburg, Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, Count Albert Mensdorff, and others. On Sunday morning, the 6th, the Queen drove to Frogmore, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret of Prussia, and, with the other members of the Royal family, who joined their Majesties at Frogmore, attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. The Rev. Canon Duckworth preached the sermon. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Fürstenburg, who had been on a visit to the Queen, left Windsor for town. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne arrived at the castle on a visit to the Queen. Prince Henry of Battenberg left Windsor Castle for London on the 7th, and Count Albert Mensdorff, who had been visiting the Queen, returned to town at the same time. The Queen, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia, went out in the morning; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia rode out early in the morning. The Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Teck, with Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, visited the Empress Frederick, and afterwards lunched with the Queen, the Empress, and the Royal family. Mademoiselle Finkelstein and Herr von Zur-Mühlen had the honour of singing several pieces before their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. The Queen came again to town on the 8th. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove from Paddington in a close carriage to Kensington Palace for the purpose of visiting General Sir Francis Seymour, who for many years was one of the principal Court officials. The Empress Frederick, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, also came to London. According to present arrangements, the Queen, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, will leave Windsor for the Isle of Wight on July 16. The Empress will afterwards embark at Cowes, in the Victoria and Albert, for the Mediterranean.

By command of the Queen, a State Ball was given on July 4 at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales were accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princess Maud of Wales and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. One of the prettiest sights of the season was a gathering of hospital nurses in the garden of Marlborough House, to receive their Pension Fund certificates from the Princess of Wales. There were some 600 nurses present. The Princess having presented the certificates, the Prince gave a history of the fund, which, he said, had greatly prospered, although so recently instituted. Purses containing in all £2200 were presented to her Royal Highness for the Morgan Benevolent Fund. The Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud drove in an open carriage, on the 5th, to East Sheen Lodge, and paid a long visit to the Duchess of Fife, who is now convalescent and regaining strength daily. The Band of the Garde Républicaine played before the Prince and Princess. His Royal Highness was present at the annual dinner of the Rifle Brigade, held in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. The Duke of Connaught, Colonel-in-Chief of the Brigade, presided. The Princess of Wales witnessed the performance of “Jeanne d’Arc” at Her Majesty’s Theatre. On Sunday morning, the 6th, the Prince and Princess, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at Divine service. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh and the young Princesses of Edinburgh, called at Marlborough House, and remained to luncheon. By command of the Queen, a Levée was held on the 7th, at St. James’s Palace, by his Royal Highness on behalf of her Majesty. The Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge were with the Prince. The Prince and Princess opened the new Vauxhall Park, which has been formed around the residence of the late Mr. Henry Fawcett. They were accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud. In the centre of the park they were received by the Duke of Edinburgh, president of the Kyrie Society, and Princess Louise, vice-president. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud witnessed the performance of “Les Huguenots” at the Royal Italian Opera. On the 8th the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at the Royal Italian Opera to witness the performance of “Lohengrin.”

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh opened, on July 3, the new Victoria Hospital at Folkestone, which has been built in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty’s accession to the throne.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Why should not actors and actresses "strike," like other discontented and disaffected people? The complaint is catching. The profession of acting having become more lucrative than it has ever been before in the history of the stage, the old social reproach having been removed from the actor's back, the dramatic art having been petted and cosseted more than any other art in existence, it is, of course, high time for the actor to strike. The time to grumble is when you are best off. You cannot take up a newspaper or a magazine nowadays without becoming aware of the discontentment that seems to prevail in the dramatic profession whenever anyone dares to discuss their peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. A manager produces an old English classical comedy, and gives it a totally new complexion by misunderstanding its evident purport and taking liberties with the text. When the new position is disputed, down sits Mr. Manager to his desk and fires off a sarcastic rejoinder, involving him in a veritable hornets' nest. If a playgoer and lover of the drama, unconnected with the stage professionally, and governed by no clique, ventures to assert that some of the evils of our modern dramatic system arise from the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, the managers of our London theatres are actors, with their own personal ambitions and foibles to attend to as well as their art, out buzz a dozen managerial wasps, prepared to sting anyone who dares to assail their self-erected stronghold. They would be managers, actors, and critics as well. Unfortunately the disease is catching. It descends to the members of starring provincial companies, who have apparently nothing better to do than to pen nonsensical effusions in reply to critical comment. I have received such a letter this week from a young lady attached to one of the starring combinations, who is vastly angry with me for not liking Mr. Pierre Leclercq's play called "Illusions," and, in the course of a tedious homily on female virtue, attempts to show her erudition by quoting several authors incorrectly. She ranges from Shakespeare, Alexandre Dumas, and Georges Sand down to Wilkie Collins, and, apropos of Mr. Leclercq's play, furbishes up the stale, old arguments that have been used ever since Marguerite Gautier and the "New Magdalen" were born. In the new play, "Illusions," the author uses the very proper and excellent motive of the redemption of a sinful woman, and claims for her, if not our respect, at least our pity. Who in the world can object to that? It is a human drama that has been enacted ever since the Pharisees were rebuked for sneering at the most beautiful instance of repentance and devotion that the world has ever seen. No one objects to the use of the Magdalen legend: its abuse is what some of us dispute. It is not fair that the rehabilitation of any Magdalen shall be at the expense of an innocent, guileless, and pure woman. This is exactly what was done by Wilkie Collins in the "New Magdalen." Mr. Pierre Leclercq goes one step farther. It is his mission to show the penitence of a Magdalen. But how does he do it? First, by breaking the heart of a blameless wife; secondly, by allowing the Magdalen to own with effrontery that she positively enjoyed the viciousness of the life she had been leading in the heyday times of her abandoned career. A man is married to a young and exemplary wife, and he hears by a side-wind that the mother of his wife is alive, and that she is a woman of unenviable notoriety. He is on the eve of sailing for America with his bride, and is about to put the seas between unsuspecting daughter and repentant mother. But in perfect innocence he allows himself to be compromised by the mother, to be accused of disloyalty and aggravated baseness, sooner than tell his wife the unfortunate truth. Now, this may be consoling to the mother, but it is death to the wife. Further, our sympathies with the Magdalen's sincere repentance, even in this social and domestic dilemma, are shaken by the fact that the mother who is so anxious to kiss her child owns that her reckless life was not distasteful to her. The most powerful acting in the world cannot wholly remove the distastefulness of such a position. Miss Ada Cavendish could not wholly make us in love or express pity for the New Magdalen, and Miss Rose Leclercq, with all her art, can scarcely squeeze out a tear for "La Faneuse." But she played admirably—like a true artist—and she was ably assisted in her difficult task by Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Ivan Watson, Mr. W. H. Vernon, and by Miss Marion Lea, who has great sensibility, but has developed a curious manner that is misunderstood by her audience. This manner, that was so effective in the character of Audrey, becomes almost comical in a strongly emotional character.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has discovered a bright little play written by a Mr. C. Vernon, called "Sowing and Reaping," and it turns out to be just the kind of thing that was wanted for the Criterion Theatre. The days of reckless farce are almost over, and the best plays by Hennequin would have very little chance nowadays in the bright little Piccadilly theatre. The success of Mr. Grundy's "Pair of Spectacles" elsewhere has, no doubt, suggested to Mr. Wyndham the propriety of mixing fun with just a suspicion of seriousness. The idea of the new play is that the more rakish a bachelor is, the more exacting he will become as a husband. Harry Graham, in his bachelor days, is the gayest of gay dogs, and all is fish that comes to his net. Accidentally caught in the matrimonial toils, the idol of the ladies becomes a model husband, his only fault being that he is so dreadfully suspicious. "I have done it myself," is the burden of his Benedick lament. However, the domestic tragedy for which the husband prepared himself turns out to be the most comical of farces; and, after a succession of merry and natural scenes, the play ends as pleasantly as it started. Mr. Wyndham is the life and soul of the comedy—easy, finished, natural, and amusing. He not only acts well, but induces others to follow his lead. Fun never flags when Mr. Wyndham is on the stage. Mr. Giddens, Mr. Valentine, Miss Victor, Miss Leyshon, and Miss Mary Moore are all seen to advantage; and if only Mr. Blakeley could take one important scene a little more seriously, the acting would be in its way perfect. Dance's old play, "Delicate Ground," with Mr. Wyndham as Citizen Sangfroid and Miss Mary Moore as Pauline, contrasts capitally with the modern comedy, and makes up a very pleasant bill—one, indeed, that will be very much appreciated by late diners, who can come into the theatre at nine o'clock and see all the fun of the fair.

Already there are signs of the close of the summer theatrical season. With all the cold wet weather, it ought to have been a very good one for the managers, for certainly the inside of a playhouse is preferable to a damp garden-party or a moist hay-field. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will very soon be off to the provinces, where he will receive a cordial welcome—not only as one of our leading actors, but as the manager of the Haymarket Theatre. His repertoire will mainly consist of Haymarket successes. The holiday at the

Adelphi will be very brief, for they are rehearsing hard at the Irish Adelphi drama written by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan, and due on Aug. 2, in which we are to see plenty of fun, strong human interest, and a young priest who is said to be young but strictly orthodox. C. S.

## THE NEW M.P. FOR BARROW.

The election for Barrow-in-Furness resulted in the return of Mr. J. A. Duncan, Gladstonian Liberal, who polled 1994 votes, against 1862 for Mr. Wainwright, the Conservative candidate.



MR. J. A. DUNCAN, THE NEW M.P. FOR BARROW.

and 1280 for the late member, Mr. Caine. Mr. James Archibald Duncan of Gayton Hall, Neston, Cheshire, is eldest son of the late Mr. David Duncan, of Liverpool and of Gayton Hall, by marriage with Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Williamson of Anstruther, Fifeshire. He was born in 1858, and is M.A. and LL.B. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a barrister of the Inner Temple. His family are largely engaged in business at Liverpool as merchants and shipowners. He is new to Parliamentary life, having never previously sought election.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Barrand, of Bold-street, Liverpool.

## THE VICTORIA JUBILEE HOSPITAL, FOLKESTONE.

This building, which was opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh on July 3, has been erected to meet a great requirement of the town, as the former hospital was quite inadequate to its needs. Funds for this purpose were raised in 1887 to commemorate her Majesty's Jubilee, and have, with other donations, been found sufficient to erect the new building and to purchase the site, an acre and a half in extent, admirably situated, at a cost of about £10,000 altogether. The building forms the central portion of a design for a larger hospital, and is adapted at present for the reception of twenty patients; it includes an out-patient and dispensary department, and all necessary administrative accommodation for the extended hospital of the future. The design is by Mr. Joseph Gardner, architect, of Folkestone, and was selected in competition under the advice of Professor



THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL, FOLKESTONE (QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL).

Roger Smith. The wards and all departments are in accordance with the latest hospital science and sanitary arrangements; and each bed has at least 1600 cubical feet of space. The building has a well-lighted, ventilated, and warmed corridor, 10 ft. wide, from end to end. It is arranged for its future extension when necessary, and when the funds will allow it.

The Duke of Connaught on July 5 presided at the annual meeting of the friends and subscribers to the Gordon Boys' Home, held at the Mansion House, and in his address bore testimony to the nobleness, gallantry, and genial kindness of the lamented General. On the 7th the Duke reviewed a battalion of Scots Guards, of which regiment his Royal Highness is Colonel, in Hyde Park.

## THE GRANDE FÊTE FRANÇAISE.

The entertainment opened at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, from July 2 to July 5, called the "Grande Fête Française," was got up in order to raise funds for the building of an English Protestant church in Paris, in a central situation near the hotels and large mercantile establishments, to be called All Saints'. The Pompadour Band (Miss Eleanor Clausen's orchestra of young ladies) was one of the attractions; but the chief feature of interest was the *masque des fleurs*, a procession of young ladies in floral costume, headed by Miss Ethel Matthews. It was arranged from the designs of the well-known clever artist Mr. Walter Crane, in his pretty and tasteful book of pictures and verses, entitled "Flora's Feast," which is published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. A guide-book to the "Fête Française," called the "R. B. B.," edited by Lady Constance Howard, containing literary contributions by many popular writers, and numerous charming illustrations, was much in request.

## STRIKE AMONG THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

A portion of the Metropolitan Police, demanding increased rates of pay and pension, has of late been giving some trouble to the authorities in command, not only by improper meetings for the purposes of agitation and denunciation, which cannot be tolerated in a force under a kind of military discipline, but also by scandalous acts of insubordination and refusal to obey the orders for their daily service. This misconduct was carried so far by some of the constables of the E Division, whose headquarters are at Bow-street Police-Office, as to threaten a strike on Monday evening, July 7, which they expected would become general all over London. Much alarm was felt among the shopkeepers and other inhabitants of the West Central district, lest the streets should be left unprotected that night. But the resolute action of the new Chief Commissioner of Police, Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, and of the Chief Constable, Colonel Mansell, supported by the fidelity of the Superintendents, Inspectors, and Sergeants, with the prompt dismissal of thirty-nine young constables, earlier in the day, for acts of wilful disobedience on Saturday night, had a salutary effect. What took place, however, in Bow-street, between nine o'clock and midnight, was sufficiently disgraceful to all concerned in the agitation, being a scene of outrageous riot, probably got up by gangs of common London roughs, but encouraged by the attitude of the dismissed constables and of those pretending to sympathise with them. The street was repeatedly cleared by parties of mounted police, under the orders of the Chief Constable; but the mob again reassembled; mud, cabbage-stumps, and other dirty missiles were flung at Superintendent Fisher and the police on duty; and some windows of different shops and houses were broken. It happened, fortunately, that the Prince of Wales, going to the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, had been provided with an escort of thirty or forty troopers of the 2nd Life Guards, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Dundonald. A message asking the aid of their presence was at once complied with, and the appearance of those splendid cavalry soldiers, quietly riding up and down, put an end to the disturbance within less than half an hour. In the meantime, within the precincts of the police-office, the Superintendent and Inspectors had some difficulty in getting the insubordinate constables, though in a decided minority, to parade for the regular night duty; but they prevailed so far as to defeat the attempted "strike," and the patrol service was not interrupted in any part of London. Much damage was done by the rioters to the plate-glass windows of several large establishments in Bow-street, and a baker's shop was all but wrecked. In the police-court, next day, two or three men were fined, and one constable sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, for acts of violence on this occasion.

The Rev. M. A. Bowfield, Assistant Master at Malvern College, has been appointed to succeed the Bishop of Bangor as Head Master of Brecon College.

By desire of the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, the annual inspection of the Royal Military Asylum (Duke of York's School) took place on Thursday, July 10, instead of on the 9th, as previously announced. The annual fête and sports were held on the 10th, as arranged.

The London County Council have authorised the Theatres and Music-Halls Committee to engage a number of persons as inspectors of places of public entertainment, the inspection to relate to the morality of the performance as well as the safety of the structure. The Improvement Committee are authorised to submit to the next meeting of the Council the details of schemes of improvements which they propose to make in various districts of the metropolis.

Henley Regatta was held on July 8 and two following days.

The Show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society opened at Winchester on July 8, the entries being large.

A fête was held at the French Exhibition, Earl's-court, on July 5, in aid of the funds of the new French Hospital in Shaftesbury-avenue.

Some of the finest roses grown this season were on view at the Crystal Palace on July 5, included in the annual exhibition held by the National Rose Society. Mr. F. Cant, Colchester, took first honours in the nursery class for seventy-two distinct roses; and Mr. E. B. Lindell, of Hitchin, won a similar distinction in the amateur class.

For the use of hospitals and similar institutions, and of medical practitioners and nurses generally, requiring to keep an accurate record of the temperature of the patient's body, we understand that the "F. H. Temperature Chart," published by Mr. C. E. Gray, 32, Kennington-park-road, has many features to recommend it. It is well arranged, and contains all that is necessary for clinical observations. A special feature is the shading up to the line of normal temperature. Both the Fahrenheit and Centigrade scales are shown. Provision is made for recording the pulse, respiration, excretions, weight, state of the skin, &c. This chart has already been approved by many well-known physicians. It will be found to save nurses considerable trouble, and enables records to be taken with great facility and exactness.

The distribution of prizes to the boys of the training-ships Arethusa and Chichester took place on July 8, on board the Arethusa, stationed off Greenhithe. The awards were given by the Earl of Jersey, who was accompanied by the Countess of Jersey. The prizes are given for all the subjects taught in the ship, and include awards and medals for good conduct, Bible knowledge, swimming, and general smartness and practical seamanship.



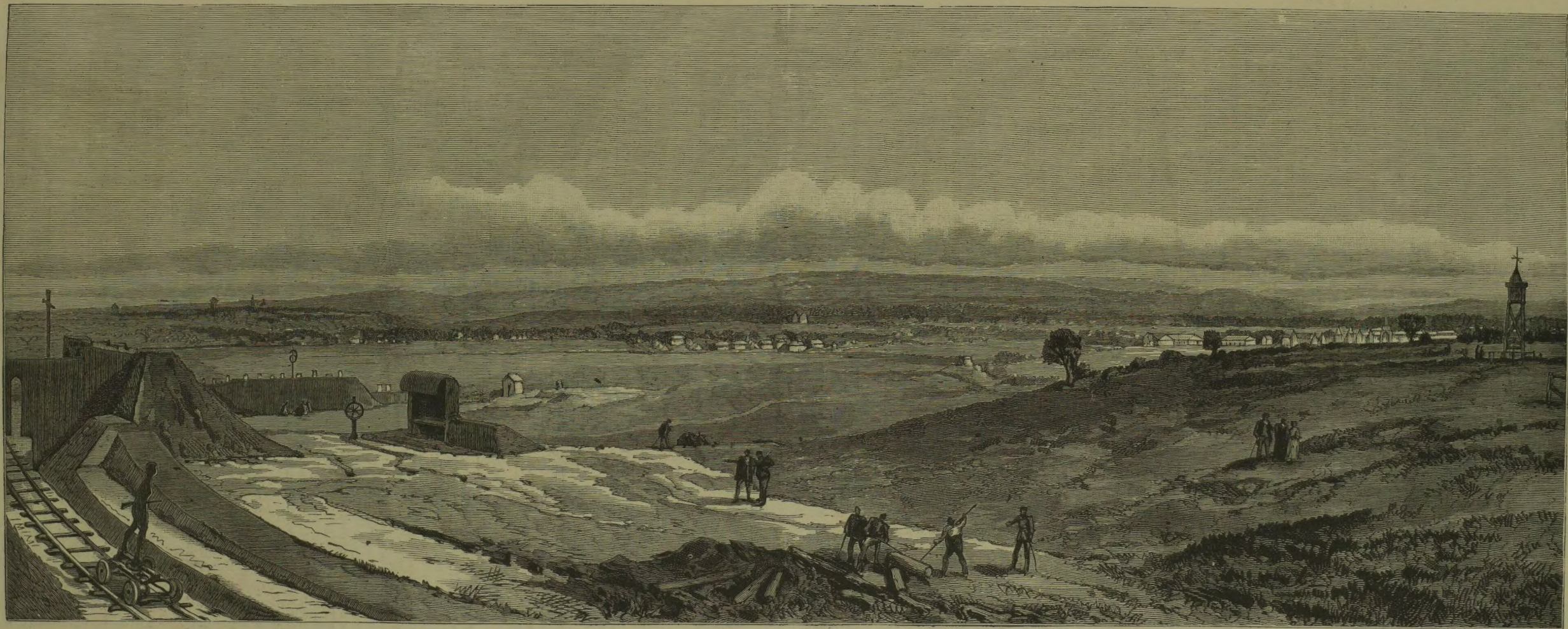


THE POMPADOUR BAND AT THE MASQUE OF FLOWERS, GRANDE FÊTE FRANÇAISE.

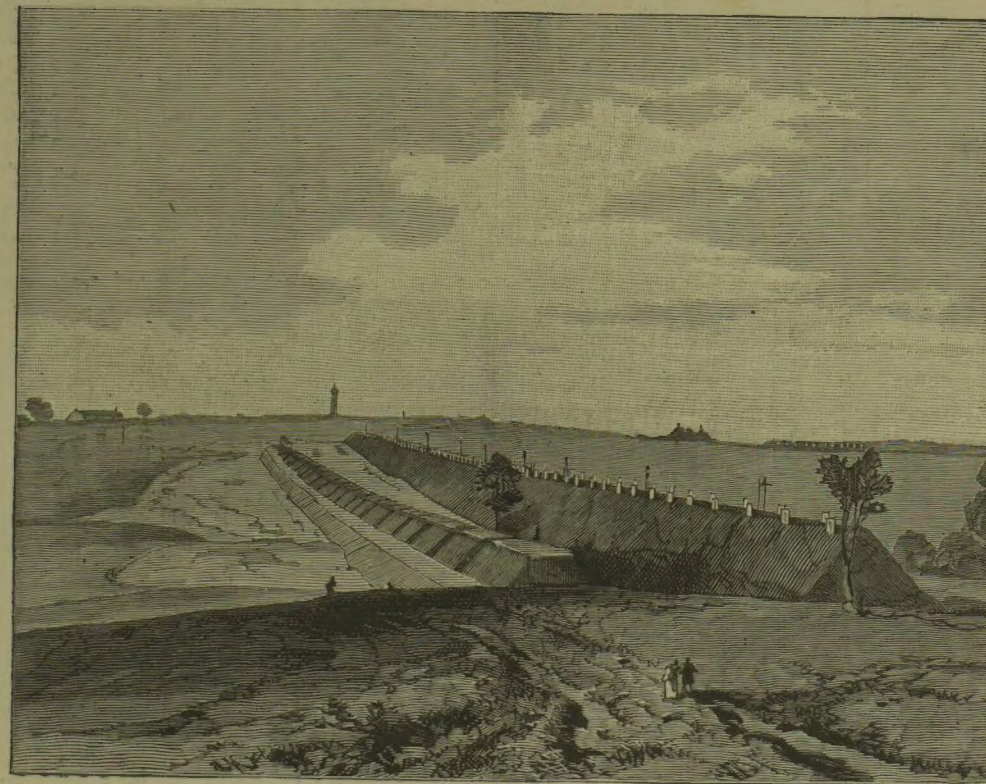


STRIKE AMONG THE METROPOLITAN POLICE OF THE E DIVISION AT BOW STREET.

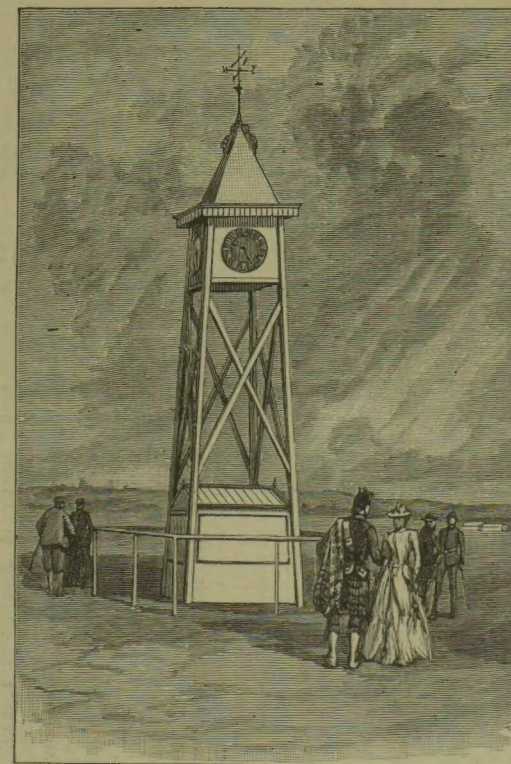




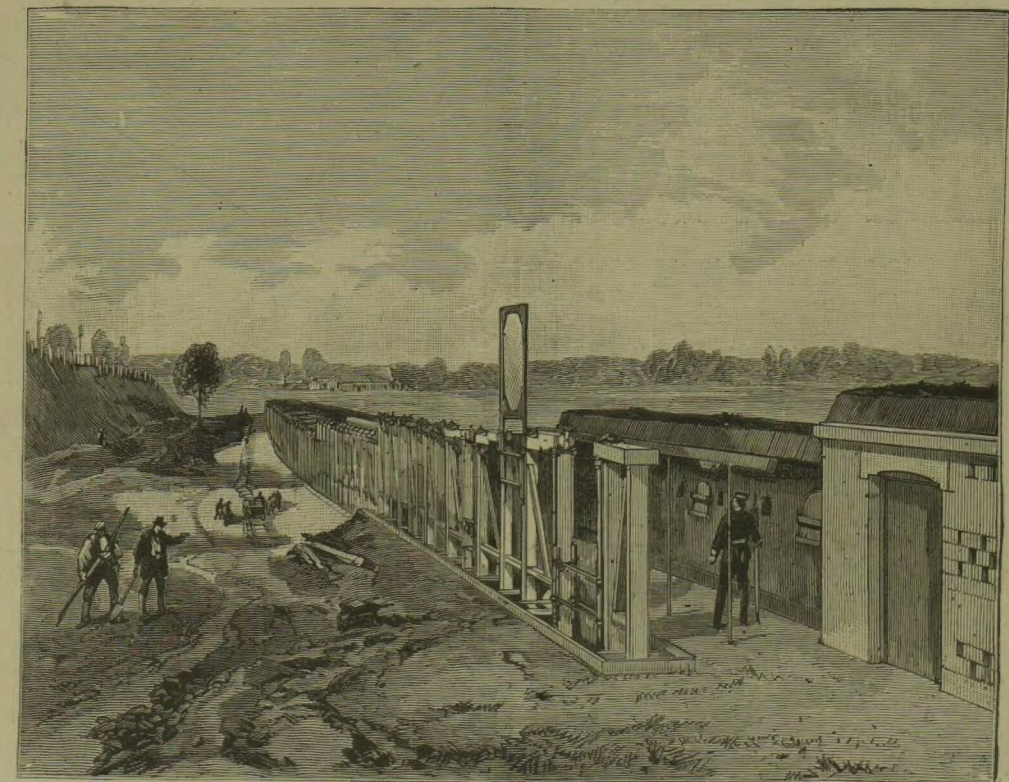
GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW GROUNDS FROM THE "RUNNING MAN" BUTT, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.



THE GREAT BUTT, VIEW FROM THE NORTH-EAST END.



THE CLOCK TOWER.



THE MARKERS' MANTLETS AT THE GREAT BUTT.

THE NEW WIMBLEDON: CAMPING GROUND AND RANGES OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, BISLEY COMMON, SURREY.



## "THE NEW WIMBLEDON" AT BISLEY.

The National Rifle Association, which is so important as an auxiliary to the Volunteer Service, promoting skill in the use of the infantry weapon, holds its annual meeting, this year, on the newly acquired camping-ground, with the ranges and offices there provided, on Bisley Common, near Brookwood, Surrey, instead of the old ground on Wimbledon Common.

The Brookwood Station of the London and South-Western Railway, a little over twenty-seven miles from London, is the first beyond Woking, and is adjacent to the extensive Cemetery of the London Necropolis Company, which lies to the left hand of the line. To the right, across the Basingstoke Canal, are Cowshot and Bisley Commons, with the tramway recently made to the new Bisley Camp station. The hills of Chobham close the prospect to the north-west. Our Plan shows the position of the Camp, with the buildings, huts, and tents for offices, clubs, refreshments, police, bazaars, and exhibitions; the Magazine, the Clock Tower, the Signal Station, and the ranges and butts for shooting. The general view, represented in one of our Engravings, is taken from the Running Man Butt, looking in a south-east direction towards Brookwood, and comprising only a rear view of the end of the great butts (at the 500 and 600 yards mid-ranges), a part of the railway, the Royal Engineers' Camp and other establishments, the Pavilion, and the Clock Tower.

The Great Butts, of which our Artist gives a separate Illustration, are a quarter of a mile long, constructed of turf, with boards on the top, and are some 40 ft. high. They are divided into sections, numbered from six to fourteen, for the respective firing-parties. In front of the butts, and parallel with them, runs the line of the Markers' Mantlets, a long covered gallery or verandah, open towards the butts, and roofed with corrugated iron. Here the markers stand, in attendance on the targets, of which there are ninety-nine. These are elevated, for the purpose of firing, on the top of the Markers' Mantlets, being raised or lowered by pulling ropes from below, similarly to the black boards used at stations of the Metropolitan District Railway to indicate the next trains. Whenever the target has been shot at, the man pulls it down, and pastes a bit of paper over the bullet-mark; he then raises it again, and everybody can see where the shot has hit the target. The firing-point for the long range of 1100 yards, and the butts for that range, with targets numbered 2, 3, and 4, are shown in our Plan; also the 200 yards and 600 yards ranges, the sporting and other short ranges, which need not here be particularly described.

### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

On Thursday, July 10, at a meeting of this institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, was awarded to Mr. James Douglas jun., in recognition of his gallantry in swimming to the assistance of two men whose boat had been capsized at Harrington, Cumberland, in a strong west gale, thick weather, and a rough sea, on June 25. At great risk Mr. Douglas succeeded in rescuing one of the men, but the other was drowned while attempting to swim to the shore. The thanks of the institution, inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. Herbert Lyon, and £1 to his boatman, for rescuing three of four persons from a boat which had been capsized off Hurst Castle, in a strong breeze and a rough sea, on May 24. Rewards amounting to £170 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and those of shore-boats, for services rendered on the occasion of shipwrecks on our coast. Payments amounting to £4515 were ordered to be made on the 296 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £75 annual subscription, from Edward F. White, Esq., and Miss S. E. White; £70 from the Cyclist Life-Boat Fund, one year's maintenance of the Hartlepool No. 3 life-boat Cyclist, per Henry Sturmer, Esq., and £12 from a seaman per Major W. Percy Chapman, H.B.M. Consul, Rouen. Deep regret was expressed at the death of Admiral John Ross Ward, who had for thirty-eight years been a member of the Committee of Management of the institution, and had for many years held the post of chief inspector of life-boats. It was decided to send a letter of sympathy to his family, together with a copy of the special resolution passed by the committee. New life-boats had been sent during the past month to Lowestoft, Thorpness, and Kildman. Reports having been read from the deputy chief inspector and the district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations, the proceedings terminated.

The Marquis of Ripon opened a free library and reading-room at Barnsley. The building, the finest pile in the town, has been erected at a cost of between £20,000 and £30,000, and is presented to the borough by Mr. B. Harvey, Park House, who had become the mortgagee.

The marriage of the Hon. Alice Irby, daughter of the late Lord Boston, and sister to the present Peer, to Mr. Gordon Deeds of Hillhurst, Kent, was solemnised on July 3, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in the presence of a large and fashionable gathering. The bride, who was given away by her step-father, Sir Percy Anderson, wore a costume of rich ivory-white duchesse satin, elaborately draped with antique Brussels lace, with veil of similar lace fastened to the hair by diamond ornaments, the gifts of her brother, Lord Boston. She was attended by five bridesmaids—the Hon. Winifred Irby, Miss Florence Anderson, Miss Constance Brooke, Miss G. Villiers, and Miss Ethel Prowse. They were attired alike in pretty dresses of light-blue broché silk. Each wore a pearl bangle and carried a bouquet of white roses, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Arthur Deeds was best man.—At Sanderstead Church, on July 3, Mr. W. Herbert Fowler of Claremont, Taunton, eldest son of Mr. William Fowler of Moor Hall, Harlow, Essex, was married to Ethel Mary, elder daughter of Mr. James Brand of Sanderstead Court, Croydon. There were eight bridesmaids—Miss Fowler, sister of the bridegroom; Misses Blunt, Cumming, D. Brand, and Oxley, cousins of the bride; and the Misses Edie, May, and Muriel Bonsor, nieces of the bride.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The unseasonable weather is answerable, apparently, for many things. It has exasperated certain members of the Metropolitan Police in Bow-street; it has occasioned breaches of discipline among the Grenadier Guards in Wellington Barracks; and it has perturbed the spirits of the Post Office and Telegraph staffs. Fortunate is it at such a juncture that we have in the Marquis of Salisbury a calm, clear-headed Prime Minister. Stalwart as Atlas, Lord Salisbury has suddenly been called upon to share the burdens of the Home Office and War Office, and of the Postmaster-General, in addition to the heavy weight of Foreign Office business, and he has borne them all cheerfully, chatting in the Lords with his colleagues as buoyantly as if these July troubles were trifles light as air.

The statement made by Lord Salisbury, in reply to Earl Granville, on the Eighth of July, was of a reassuring character. In the first place, he calmed the noble Earl's fears by declaring that the reports of the Bow-street disturbances were "somewhat exaggerated" (though this does not tally with the accounts given to me by eyewitnesses of the serious affair), adding that, if order should again be disturbed, "of course there is ample preparation for any such contingency." With regard to the unfortunate incident in Wellington Barracks, the Premier said it was being investigated by a Court of Inquiry, and he characterised it as "an accidental want of discipline in a particular portion of her Majesty's Army, which I have no doubt will be very speedily removed, and discipline will be restored."

Lord Salisbury was afforded a fresh proof of the difficulty of satisfying everyone ere he could formally justify the Anglo-German treaty respecting Heligoland and East Africa in the House of Lords. The second reading of the Bill to ratify that

came to the War Office vote. The right hon. gentleman indicated that the report of Lord Hartington's Commission would be so far acted upon that a Naval and Military Council would be formed, to be presided over by the Prime Minister, and said that no decision had yet been come to with respect to the Commandership-in-Chief, but paid a due compliment to Lord Wolseley (who attended in the Peers' Gallery) for the efficiency with which he had discharged his duties as Adjutant-General, in which post he will next October be succeeded by General Sir Redvers Buller; Sir Frederick Roberts meanwhile retaining the Indian command for two years. This last announcement gave general satisfaction.

Like balm to the mind of Mr. W. H. Smith must be the intervals, few and far between, in which he finds recuperation in a quiet row on the silver reaches of the upper Thames (the well-known Henley portion of which offers a rainbow feast of colour in Henley Regatta week). The First Lord of the Treasury constantly needs relaxation of this kind, for his Parliamentary troubles show no sign of abating, far advanced though the Session be. The differences of opinion that have arisen in the Select Committee on Procedure—i.e. on the Ministerial proposal to carry over incomplete Bills to next Session—have not lessened Mr. Smith's embarrassments; and the Leader of the House has not had his hard task lightened by the acrid discussion of "shadowing" by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gladstone, and by the "heckling" of others of his colleagues as to the grievances of postmen and policemen, and the dislike of the Grenadier Guards to early parade; or by the pertinent inquiries addressed to himself with regard to the cession of Heligoland.

The first appearance of Mr. Duncan, Mr. Caine's successor in the representation of Barrow-in-Furness, on the Seventh of July, was the signal for a chorus of cheering on the part of Liberal and Home Rule members. As for Mr. Caine, he has made peace with Mr. Gladstone, and will possibly secure another Liberal seat shortly.

The Home Secretary, at the close of the sitting in the Commons on the Eighth of July (the morrow of the Bow-street demonstration), made a reassuring announcement. Mr. Matthews said the news he had received regarding the Police from all parts of London was excellent: "Not a single man has failed to go out on his duty to-night; and the spirit and temper exhibited throughout the Metropolitan Police has been admirable."

Dr. Gruscha, the new Prince-Archbishop of Vienna, was enthroned on July 6 in that city, military and ecclesiastical officials assisting at the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large crowd of people.

A telegram from St. John's, Newfoundland, says that on June 23 a French war-ship at Port-au-Port drove off thirty British vessels taking bait, seized the seine of one, and cut that of another.

The Cape Government has been defeated in the House of Assembly on the great Railway Bill introduced by the Commissioner of Crown Lands.—Sir E. Boehm's fine statue of the Queen was unveiled on July 8 in front of the new legislative buildings at Pietermaritzburg by the Governor, Sir Charles Mitchell, K.C.M.G., amid much enthusiasm.

The trial of the Russian Nihilists, or Terrorists, terminated in Paris on July 5. Five of the prisoners were sentenced to three years' imprisonment and 200*fr.* fine; De Landesen was, in his absence, condemned to five years' imprisonment; and Madame Reinstein and Mdle. Bromberg were acquitted.

After holding the Spanish Premiership uninterruptedly for five years, Señor Sagasta has resigned, and has been replaced by Señor Canovas del Castillo, as the chief of a coalition Cabinet which is mainly Conservative, although containing three advanced Liberals.

King Humbert assisted, on July 6, at the inauguration in Rome of the first electric tramway constructed in Italy. It runs from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, about a couple of miles outside the gates. His Majesty has bought twenty shares of the lately reorganised Adriatic Fisheries Company at a cost of 10,000*fr.*, and has given them to the poor fishermen of Rimini.

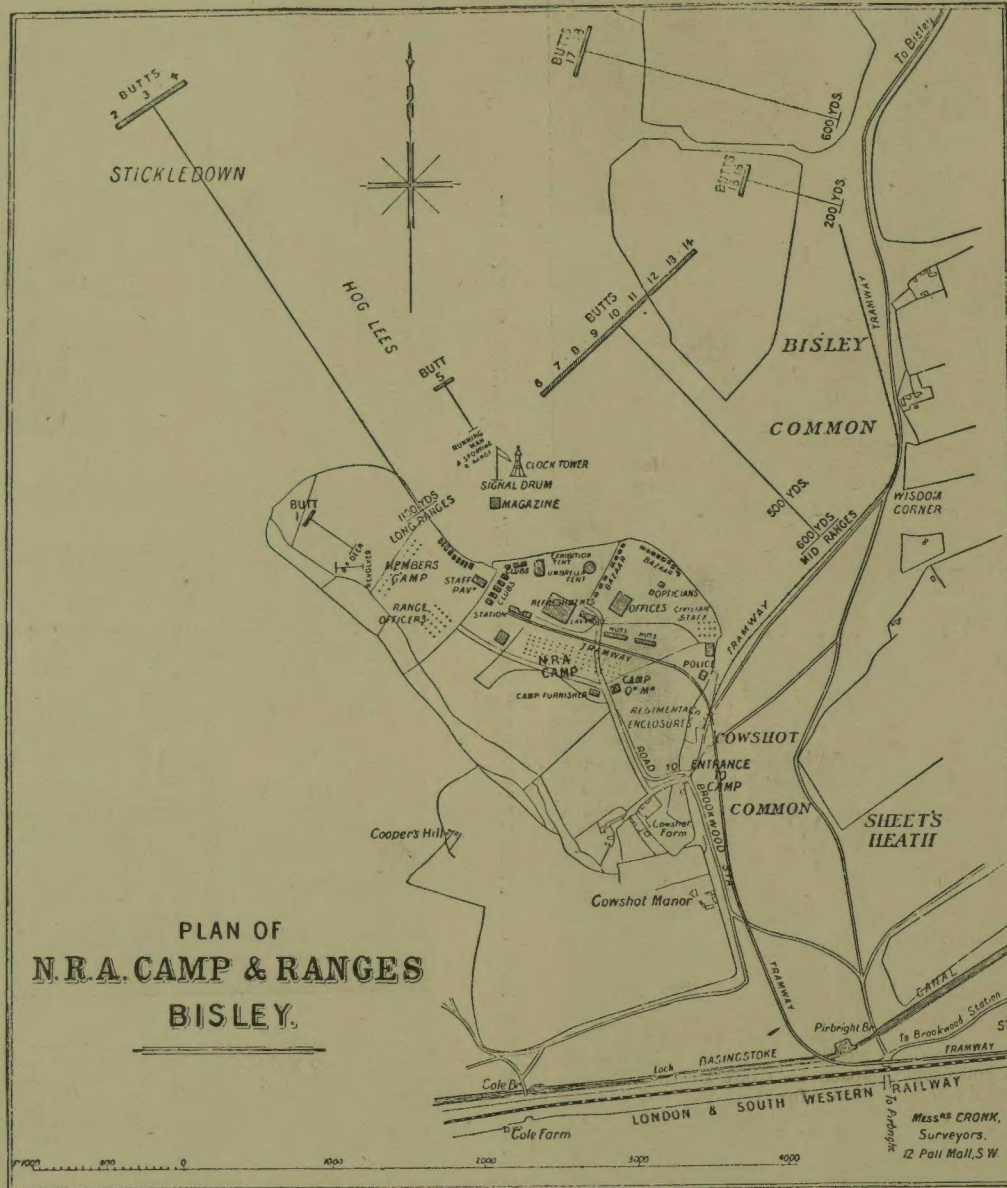
The German Emperor left Christiania on July 5, on board the ironclad *Hohenzollern*, which, escorted by the German squadron, steamed north, on a tour up the Norwegian coast. The Emperor met with a cordial reception at the capital. King Oscar has nominated the Emperor William an honorary Admiral of the Norwegian Navy.—The German Federal Rifle Meeting was opened at Berlin on the 6th with a magnificent procession, which, starting from the Brandenburg Gate, marched through the gaily decorated streets to the Townhall, and thence to the shooting-ground.

The French Geographical Society has received news from the traveller M. Bonvalot announcing his arrival at Tatsien, in the Chinese province of Szechuen, with Prince Henry of Orléans, after having successfully crossed Tibet.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, opened, on July 3, the new building of the French Hospital and Dispensary, recently built in Shaftesbury-avenue at a cost of £22,000, of which some £7000 has yet to be raised.

The Pontefract Park trustees, at a special meeting held on July 8, unanimously decided upon the erection of new rifle butts in the place of those at present in use in the park. The new range will exceed 1000 yards in length, and be upon a model of those at Strensall and Doncaster, and when completed will, it is believed, far surpass in convenience and safety any existing butts in Yorkshire.

In London 2480 births and 1481 deaths were registered in the week ending July 5. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 202 and the deaths 85 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 100 from measles, 13 from scarlet-fever, 21 from diphtheria, 57 from whooping-cough, 6 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 85 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from smallpox or typhus; thus, 288 deaths were referred to these diseases, being 29 below the corrected average weekly number.



international agreement was fixed for the Tenth of July. But, two days previously, the noble Marquis had to receive at the Foreign Office an important deputation of South African merchants, of whom Mr. J. S. Prins, from Cape Town, was the spokesman. Mr. Prins said objection was taken to the strengthening of German authority in South Africa by the extension of their Damaraland frontier to the 21st degree of east longitude, and to the extension north to the Bechuanaland as far as the Zambesi. Nor did the deputation believe that Great Britain would receive an equivalent in Central or Eastern Africa for the cession of Heligoland to Germany. Lord Salisbury promised that all the points put before him should receive the attention of the Government, but reminded the deputation that he could only enter into detailed explanations in Parliament.

One of the most useful measures of this comparatively barren Session will be the Directors' Liability Bill, which Mr. Warrington has adroitly piloted through the Commons, and which is pretty certain to secure the approval of the Lords. The Limited Liability Act has been greatly abused by daring individuals who have not hesitated to print the most deceptive and fraudulent statements in order to win the confidence and obtain the money of credulous investors. By the beneficial operation of the measure now passing through Parliament, the adventurous spirits who practise the "confidence trick" on a wholesale scale, and the careless "guinea-pigs" who willingly stroll into their net, will be held responsible for misleading prospectuses.

Lord Hartington (who is generally to be seen sitting next his "double," Mr. Heneage, in the corner of the front Opposition bench in the Commons) may justly feel some degree of satisfaction at the boldness with which the Ministry has acted upon the report of the Royal Army Commission, of which the noble Lord was Chairman. Mr. Edward Stanhope, as Secretary for War, made a most important statement in Committee on the Army Estimates, on the Third of July, when Mr. Hanbury, by the way, showed his accustomed interest in military affairs. When the nice little sum of £3,467,300 had been voted (how easily these millions are obtained, to be sure!) for forage, clothing, and other necessities of our costly Army, Mr. Stanhope



## OBITUARY.

## SIR CROKER BARRINGTON, BART.

Sir Croker Barrington, fourth Baronet, of the city of Limerick, J.P. and D.L., whose death is announced, was the direct descendant of Samuel Barrington, who settled in Limerick in 1691, as appears by a monument in the cathedral there. Sir Croker was the second son of Sir Matthew Barrington, second Baronet, and grandson of Sir Joseph Barrington, first Baronet, the founder, with his sons, of the Hospital and Infirmary of Limerick. He succeeded to the title in 1872, at the decease of his brother, Sir William Hartigan Barrington, third Baronet. He was born July 12, 1817, and married, April 12, 1845, Anna Felicia, eldest daughter of Mr. John Beatty West, M.P. for Dublin, and was left a widower in 1873, with sons and daughters. The eldest of the former, now Sir Charles Burton Barrington, fifth Baronet, M.A., J.P., was born in 1848. The late Sir Croker was solicitor to the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, the County Limerick Grand Jury, and, for some years, Clerk of the Crown for Limerick.

## SIR AUBREY PAUL, BART.

Sir Aubrey John Dean Paul, third Baronet, died at Turin, on June 27, aged sixty-two. He was born Aug. 19, 1829, the only son of Sir John Dean Paul, second Baronet, by Georgiana, his first wife, daughter of Mr. Charles George Beauclerk of St. Leonard's Lodge, Sussex, and grandson of Sir John Dean Paul, D.C.L., on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1821. He married, Jan. 14, 1851, Laura, second daughter of Sir John Lister-Kaye, Bart., but had no issue. The baronetcy devolves consequently on his cousin, now Sir Edward John Dean Paul, fourth Baronet, J.P. for Gloucestershire, who has been twice married and has children.

## GENERAL WYNNE.

General George Wynne, Colonel-Commandant Royal Engineers, died suddenly, at Cologne, on June 27. He was born Sept. 4, 1804, the fourth son of the Rev. Henry Wynne of Killucan. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1825, and in 1832 went to Antwerp, then besieged by the French, to study the art of war. From 1845 to 1856 he was Government Inspector to the Board of Trade, and in 1857, in command of the Royal Engineers, he was sent to China, and carried out the siege operations which resulted in the capture of Canton.

## THE VERY REV. JOHN WEST, D.D.

The Very Rev. John West, D.D., late Dean of St. Patrick's, died at Bray, on July 5, in his eighty-fifth year. This excellent and respected divine, the youngest son of Mr. John West, of Dublin, graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1828, and was ordained in 1829. After filling several minor appointments, he became Vicar of St. Ann's, Dublin, and private secretary and domestic chaplain to Archbishop Whately. In 1841 he took the degree of D.D.; in 1847, was given the Prebend of Yagoe in the Cathedral of St. Patrick; in 1851, succeeded Dr. Torrens in the Archdeaconry of Dublin; and, in 1864, was elected Dean of St. Patrick's. He married, Sept. 30, 1841, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Dr. Dickinson, Bishop of Meath, and had four sons and two daughters, the younger of whom, Caroline Amy, married, Dec. 21, 1888, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, brother of Viscount Cobham.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Katherine Mary, Lady Lambert, widow of Admiral Sir George Robert Lambert, G.C.B., and daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Webb, on June 28, at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Louisa, Lady Devereux, wife of Sir Joseph Devereux, Knt., J.P., Mayor of Windsor in 1883, and daughter of Mr. Robert Bowden of Manchester, on June 29, in her seventy-third year.

Mr. William Crawford, M.P. for Mid Durham since 1885, a County Alderman for Durham, and Secretary of the Durham Miners' Association.

The Rev. Thomas Helmore, M.A., Priest in Ordinary to her Majesty's Chapels Royal, on Sunday, July 6, at 72, St. George's-square, S.W., at the age of seventy-nine.

Major Augustus James William Northey, late 41st Regiment, of Wyngton, near Narberth, J.P. and D.L. for Pembroke-shire, on June 29. He was eldest son of the late Colonel Lewis Augustus Northey, by Laura, his wife, daughter of Sir William Paxton, M.P., of Middleton Hall, Carmarthenshire; and great-grandson of Mr. William Northey of Compton Bassett, M.P., by Abigail, his wife, only daughter of Sir Thomas Webster, Bart., of Battle Abbey.

Lady Pender, on July 8. She was the daughter of the late Mr. Henry Denison of Daybrook, Nottinghamshire, and was the second wife of Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G., whom she married in 1851. Her culture and refinement endeared her to the society in which she moved.

Captain Sheffield Betham, Dublin Herald, on July 2. He was younger son of the late Sir William Betham, Ulster King-of-Arms, and was born in 1815. His death is much felt in the county of Dublin, in which he had passed the greater part of his life.

The Rev. J. W. Whigham, D.D., ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church and Convener of the Assembly Sustentation Fund, on July 3, at his residence, The Manse, Ballinasloe, aged sixty-four. Dr. Whigham was a great traveller, and his lectures on the countries through which he had journeyed were much appreciated.

The Portrait of the late Mr. Robert Leeds is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, Regent-street; and that of the late Mr. Soden Smith from one by Searle Brothers, Brompton-road.

## THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The first stone of the building at Queen's-gate, Kensington, for the Royal College of Music, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and munificently aided with the gift of £45,000 by Mr. Samson Fox, the Mayor of Harrogate, was laid with due ceremony on Tuesday, July 8, by the Prince of Wales.

The intended building, which will have a basement 18 ft. below the level of the new road along its northern front, is



MR. SAMSON FOX, C.E., MAYOR OF HARROGATE.  
DONOR OF £45,000 TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

to comprise two wings, one for the male, the other for the female pupils, with separate entrances and staircases, but connected on each floor, except the top floor, by a corridor from end to end. The main public entrance is in the centre, with a hall, giving access to the general offices, the directors' and registrar's rooms, the committee-room, council-room, and waiting-rooms. In the sub-basement are the kitchen, the dining-rooms for professors, pupils, and servants, and servants' offices. On the basement, first, second, and third floors are the requisite number of class-rooms of different sizes; and in the upper part of the towers, which form a conspicuous feature at each end of the building, are placed the organ-rooms. Though not included in the present scheme of building, a lyric theatre, so planned as to serve also for a lecture-room, and for orchestral concerts, is contemplated at no distant date. This will be placed immediately at the back of the central offices, with ample means of easy and direct access and exit by the front entrances. Underneath the theatre, which will be entered on the level of the ground floor, will be large rehearsal-rooms and dressing-rooms; space will be left on each side of the site for future extensions. The building will be faced with red brick with bands and dressings of Weldon stone, and the roofs will be covered with green slates. The style is Renaissance, freely treated; the architect is Sir Arthur W. Blomfield, A.R.A. The whole of the engineer's work required is entrusted to Mr. Edwin Oldroyd, of Leeds.

Our Portrait of Mr. Samson Fox is from a photograph by Mr. Asquith, of Harrogate.

The annual Saturday collection for the hospitals takes place on July 12, when about 2400 collection-tables will be placed at as many street corners of the metropolis. London has this year been divided into about thirty districts, each district being managed by a separate committee of honorary workers. Over 2000 tradesmen have already offered to give space in front of their premises, and promised tables and chairs for the ladies. All railway stations will have a staff of lady collectors.

## OPENING OF VAUXHALL PARK.

On Monday, July 7, the new small public park of eight acres, formed of the grounds of Lawn House and Carron House, in South Lambeth, near the Vauxhall railway station, was opened by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Louise, the two latter being president and vice-president respectively of the Kyrle Society, to whose exertions in the main the neighbourhood owes the park. Lawn House was formerly inhabited by the late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P. The Royal party, who arrived at half past five, were conducted to a covered platform, where a guard of honour from the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the Royal West Surrey Regiment was stationed. The proceedings commenced with the reading of an address of welcome to the Prince by Mr. Lester, representing the Working Men's Committee. The Prince, in reply, expressed the pleasure he felt in the proceedings, and in the fact that Mrs. Fawcett and her daughter were present. The Duke of Edinburgh presented duplicate keys of the park to the Prince of Wales, who, keeping one himself, handed the other to the Rev. Canon Pelham, the Chairman of the Lambeth Vestry. The Prince and his party then left the park, amid hearty cheering.

## SKETCHES IN HELIGOLAND.

An Act of Parliament being necessary to enable her Majesty's Government to give effect to that stipulation of the Treaty or Convention with the German Empire which provides for the cession of Heligoland, the Bill was introduced by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on Friday, July 4, and was read the first time; the second reading was fixed for Thursday, July 10. The text of the agreement with Germany, which has been published, allows to all natives of Heligoland now living, for themselves and their children under age, before Jan. 1, 1892, the right of choosing to remain British subjects. All natives now living, and their children born before the signature of this agreement, are to be free from the obligation of German military or naval service. The Customs tariff now in force in Heligoland is not to be increased until the year 1910, and "native laws and customs now existing will, as far as possible, remain undisturbed." All rights of property belonging to private persons or corporations, including Lloyd's right of signalling, are to be maintained, as well as the rights of British fishermen to anchorage, provisions and water, repairs, landing and drying of nets, transshipment of goods, and sale of fish.

With these stipulations for the welfare of the small population of Heligoland, estimated at two thousand, men, women, and children, of the North Frisian race, we may bid them farewell as fellow-subjects, and wish them increased prosperity from their important German connection. The little island has been sufficiently described; and we have nothing to add by way of commentary on the Sketches, received from a medical gentleman residing in Heligoland, Dr. E. Lindemann, which appear in our pages this week.

At the Hurlingham Club the final match at polo for the Inter-Regimental Challenge Cup has been decided, the 9th Lancers beating the 1st Dragoons (Royals) by six goals to four.

The second competition for carving and art wood-work has been held by the Carpenters' Company in their hall in Londen-wall, there being a marked improvement as compared with last year. Money prizes to the amount of nearly £60 were awarded, besides medals.

The London coal dues expired on July 4. They formerly amounted to 1s. 1d. per ton—9d. of which went to the Metropolitan Board—but were reduced to 4d. in July last year, being continued from that date for one year, to assist the Corporation in discharging its outstanding liabilities in respect to the Holborn Valley Improvements.

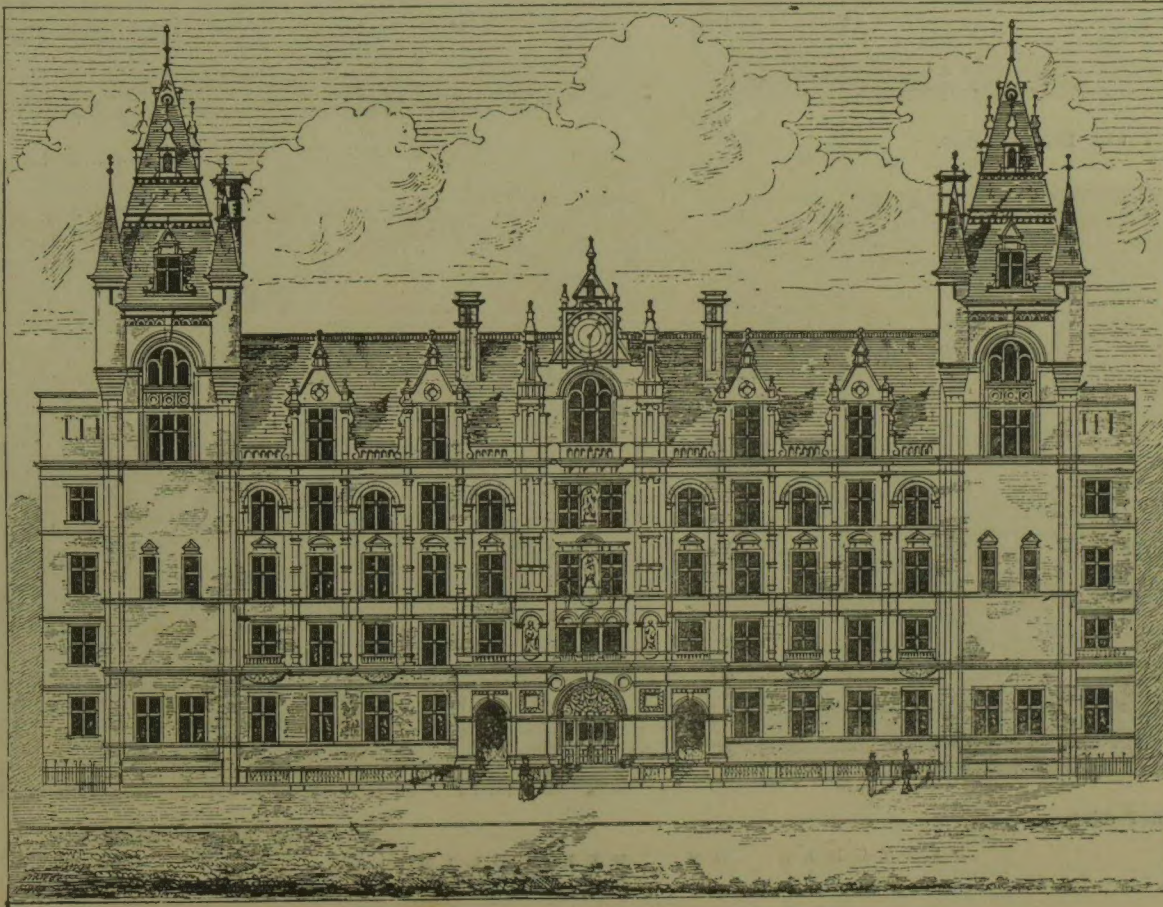
An appeal is being made on behalf of the Royal Free Hospital, in Gray's-inn-road, of which the Marquis of Dufferin is the president. The building was erected early in the century, and has been occupied as a hospital since 1842. The other parts of the building have been altered to suit modern requirements; but the front is still left as it was found, and many of the rooms are altogether inadequate to the purposes for which they are used. It is estimated that the cost of rebuilding will be about £20,000.

An interesting addition has just been made to the Military Exhibition. When the Duc d'Orléans was recently in India, on one occasion, when tiger-hunting, the infuriated tiger sprang on to the head of his Royal Highness's elephant, and thence assailed the howdah, in which the Prince was alone. The tiger's fore paws were over the barrier; the occupant did not waver in the crisis, although the animal broke his gun with one blow of its paw. It then fell backwards and escaped, only to be bagged by the Duke next day, about the same spot. This incident has been reproduced in a natural history group by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., for the Prince, and has been lent by his Royal Highness to the Military Exhibition, being placed in position in the Indian section.

A show of fruit and flowers was held on July 8 at the Drill-hall, Westminster, by the Royal Horticultural Society. Fruits of various kinds were well represented.

Mr. F. W. Hill (son of the worthy Principal of the Guildhall School of Music) has recently—although only about fifteen years of age—gained the premier prix as a violinist at the Brussels Conservatoire.

The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, acting as president this year in the place of the late Earl of Carnarvon, opened the forty-seventh congress of the British Archaeological Association at Oxford. The Townhall was placed at the disposal of the society by the Corporation, and the Mayor spoke a few words of welcome to the members and visitors. In the evening the members and their visitors dined together at the Randolph Hotel.

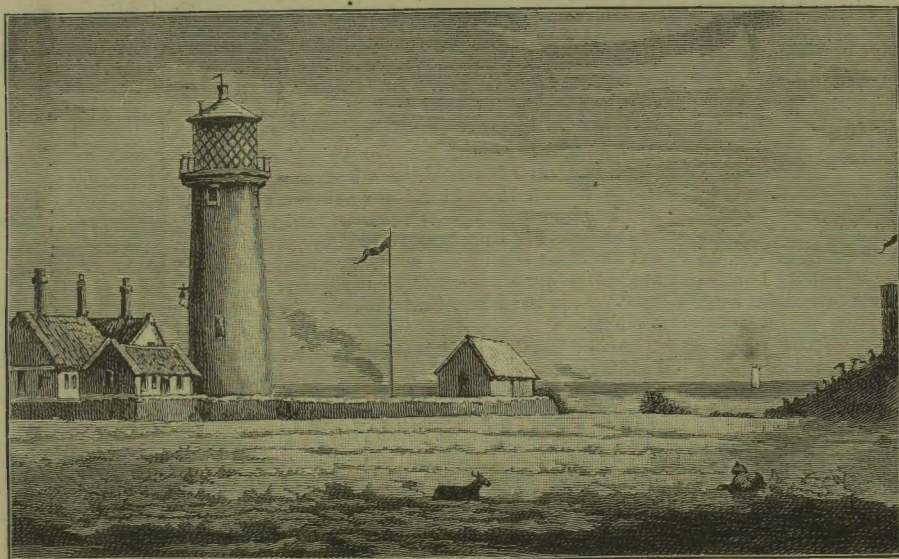


INTENDED BUILDING OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, KENSINGTON (FIRST STONE LAID JULY 8).

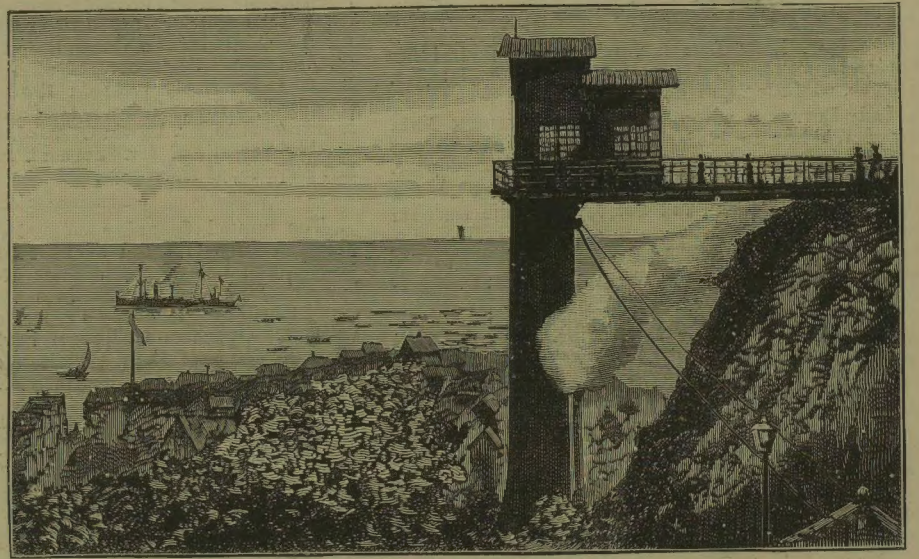




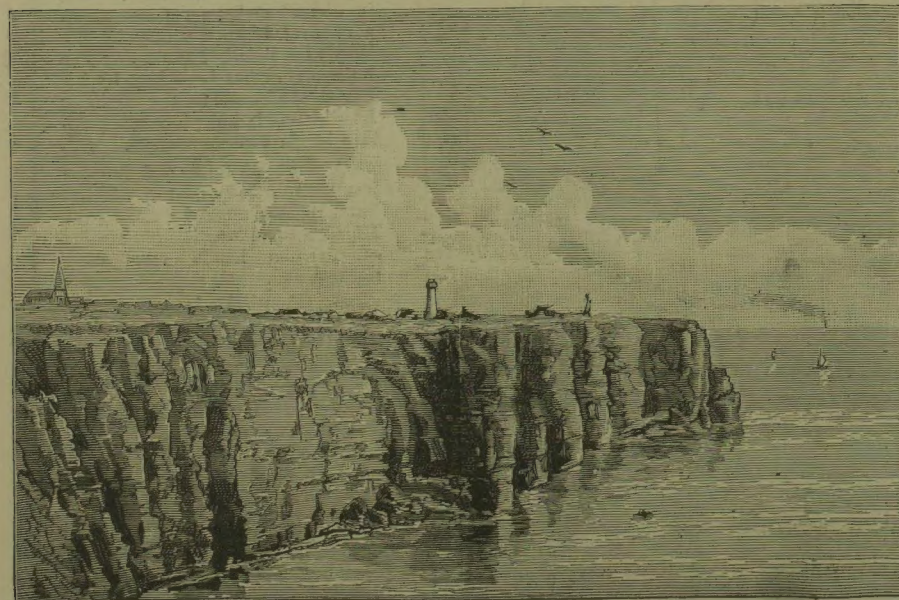
OPENING OF VAUXHALL PARK, LAMBETH, BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



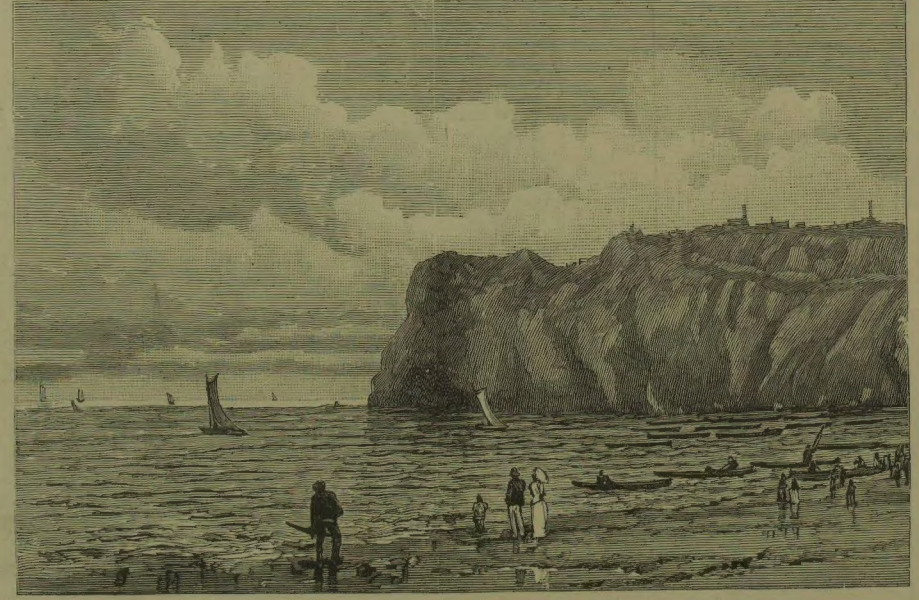
THE NEW AND THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE.



THE "LIFT" BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER TOWN.

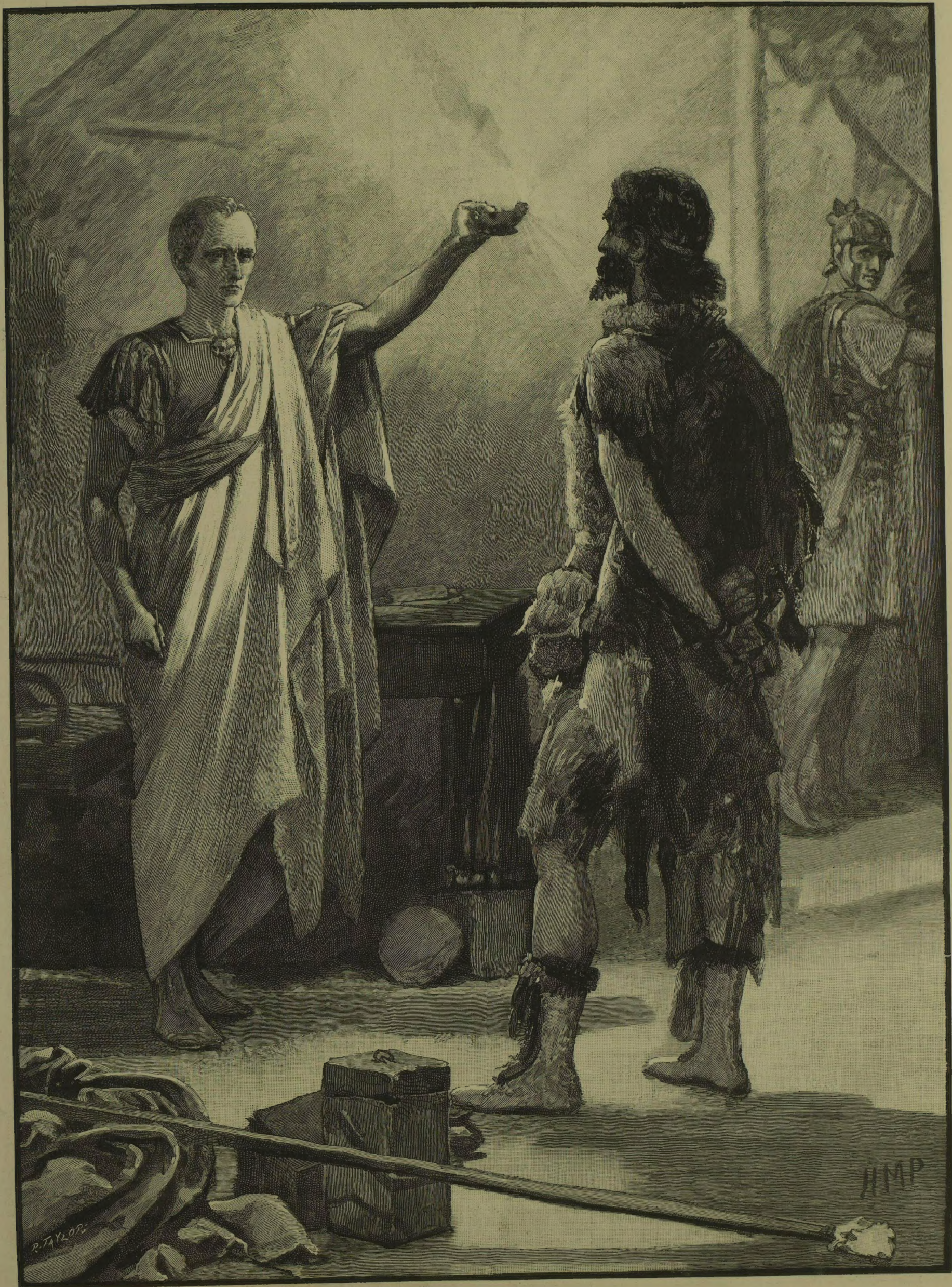


THE WEST SIDE.



THE SOUTH POINT.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*He rose, and, with the lamp in his hand, surveyed me from top to toe.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER II.

Nothing whatever have I to say against Blodwen, the beautiful British Princess, and many months we spent there happily in her town: and she bore a son, for whom the black priest, at the accursed inspiration of his own jealous heart and thwarted hopes, read out an evil destiny, to her great sorrow.

Going down one morning to the shore somewhat sad and sorry, for the inevitable time of parting was near, my ship lying ready loaded by the beach, I rubbed my eyes again and again to see that the felucca had gone from the little inlet where she had lain so long. Nor was comfort at hand when, rushing to a promontory commanding a better view, to my horror there shone the golden speck of her sail in the morning sunlight on the blue rim of the most distant sea.

I have often thought, since, the crafty Princess had a hand in this desertion. She was so ready with her condolence, so persuasive that I should "bide the winter and leave her in the spring" (the which was said with her most detaining smile), that I could not think the catastrophe took my gentle savage much by surprise.

I yielded, and the long black winter was worn through among the British, until, when the yellow light came back again, I had married Blodwen before all the tribe and was rich by her constant favour, nor need it be said, more loth than ever to leave her. In truth, she was a good Princess, but very variable. Blodwen the chieftainess urging her clansmen to a tribal fight, red-hot with the strong drink of war, or reeking with the fumes and cruelty of a bloody sacrifice to Baal, was one thing; and, on the other hand, Blodwen tending with the rude skill of the day her kinsmen's wounds, Blodwen the daughter weeping gracious silent tears in the hall of her fathers as the minstrels chanted their praises, or humming a ditty to the listening blue-eyed little one upon her knee—his cheek to hers—was all another sight; and I loved her better than I have ever loved any of those other women who have loved me since.

But sterner things were coming my erratic way. The proud Roman Eagle, having in these years long tyrannised over fertile Gaul, must needs swoop down on our brothers along that rocky coast of Armorica that faces our white shore, carrying death and destruction among our kinsmen as the peregrines in the cliffs harry the frightened seamews.

Forthwith the narrow waters were black with our hide-sailed boats rushing to succour. But it was useless. Who could stand against the Roman? Our men came back presently—few, wounded, and crestfallen, with long tales of the foe's deadly might by sea and shore.

Then, a little later on, we had to fight for ourselves, though scantily we had expected it. Early one autumn a friendly Veneti came over from Gaul and warned the Southern Princes the stern Roman Consul Caesar was collecting boats and men to invade us. At once on this news were we all torn by diverse counsels and jealousies, and Blodwen hung in my arms for a tearful space, and then sent me eastward with a few men—all she could spare from watching her own dangerous neighbours—to oppose the Roman landing; while the priest Dhuwallon, though exempt by his order from military service, followed sullen behind my warlike clansmen.

We joined other bodies of British, until, by the beginning of the harvest month, we had encamped along the Kentish downs in very good force, though disunited. Three days later, at dawn, came in a runner who said that Caesar was landing to the westward—how I wished that traitor he would stick in his false throat and choke him!—and thither, bitterly against my advice, went nearly all our men.

Even now it irks me to tell this story. While the next young morning was still but a yellow streak upon the sea, our keen watchers saw sails coming from the pale Gaulish coast, and, by the time the primrose portals of the day were fully open, the water was covered with them from one hand to the other.

In vain our recalling signal-fires smoked. A thousand scythed chariots and four thousand men were away, and by noon the great Consul's foremost galley took the British ground where the beach shelved up to the marshy flats, which again rose, through coppices and dingles, to our camp on the overhanging hills. Another and another followed, all thronged with tawny stalwart men in brass and leather. What could we do against this mighty fleet that came headlong upon us, rank behind rank, the white water flashing in tangled ribbons from their innumerable prows, and the dreaded symbols of Roman power gleaming from every high-built stern?

We rushed down, disorderly, to meet them, the Druids urging us on with song and sacrifice, and waded into the water to our waists, for we were as courageous as we were undisciplined, and they hesitated for some seconds to leave their lurching boats. I remember at this moment, when the fate of a kingdom hung in the balance, down there jumped a Centurion, and, waving a golden eagle over his head, drew his short sword, and, calling out that "he at least would do his duty to the Republic," made straight for me.

Brave youth! As he rushed impetuous through the water my ready javelin took him true under the gilded plate that hung upon his chest, and the next wave rolled in to my feet a lifeless body lapped in a shroud of crimson foam.

But now the legionaries were springing out far and near, and fighting hand to hand with the skin-clad British, who gave way before them slowly and stubbornly. Many were they who died, and the floating corpses jostled and rolled about among us as we plunged and fought and screamed in the shallow tide, and beat on the swarming impervious golden shields of the invaders.

Back to the beach they drove us hand to hand and foot to foot, and then, with a long shout of triumph that startled the sea-fowl on the distant cliffs, they pushed us back over the shingles ever farther from the sea, that idly sported with our dead—back, in spite of all we could do, to the marshland.

There they formed, after a breathing space, in the long, stern line that had overwhelmed a hundred nations, and charged us like a living rampart of steel. And as the angry waves rush upon the immovable rocks, so rushed we upon them. For a moment or two the sun shone upon a wild uproar, the fierce contention of two peoples breast to breast, a glitter of caps and javelins, splintered spears and riven shields, all flashing in the wild dust of war that the Roman Eagle loved so well. And then the Britons parted into a thousand fragments and reeled back, and were trampled under foot, and broke and fled!

Britain was lost!

Soon after this all the coppices and pathways were thronged with our flying footmen. Yet Dhuwallon and I, being mounted, had lingered behind the rest, galloping hither and thither over the green levels, trying to get some few British to stand again; but presently it was time to be gone. The Romans, in full possession of the beach, had found a channel, and drawn some

boats up to the shelving shore. They had dropped the hinged bulwarks, and, with the help of a plank or two, had already got out some of their twenty or thirty chargers. On to these half a dozen eager young patricians had vaulted, and, I and Dhuwallon being conspicuous figures, they came galloping down at us. We, on our lighter steeds, knowing every path and gully in the marsh lands, should have got away from them like starlings from a prowling sheepdog; but treachery was in the black heart of that high-priest at my elbow, and a ravening hatred which knew neither time nor circumstance.

It was just at the scraggy foot-hills, and the shouting Centurions were close behind us; the last of our fighters had dashed into the shelter ahead, and I was galloping down a grassy hollow, when the coward shearer of mistletoe came up alongside. I looked not at him, but over my other shoulder at the red plumes of the pursuers dancing on the sky-line. All in an instant something sped by me, and, shrieking in pain, my horse plunged forward, missed his footing, and rolled over into the long autumn grass with the scoundrel priest's last javelin quivering in his throat. I heard that villain laugh as he turned for a moment to look back, and then he vanished into the screen of leaves.

Amazed and dizzy, I staggered to my feet, pushed back the long hair and the warm running blood from my eyes, and, grasping my sword, waited the onset of the Romans. They rode over me as though I were a shock of ripe barley in August, and one of them, springing down, put his foot to my throat and made to kill me.

"No, no, Fabius!" said another Centurion, from the back of a white steed—"don't kill him. He will be more useful alive."

"You were always tender-hearted, Sempronius Faunus," grumbled the first one, reluctantly taking his heel from me and giving permission to rise with a kick in the side. "What are you going to do with him? Make him native Prefect of these marshes, eh?"

"Or, perhaps," put in another gilded youth, whose sword itched to think it was as yet as innocent of blood as when it came from its Tuscany smithy—"perhaps Sempronius is going to have a private procession of his own when he gets back to the Tiber, and wishes early to collect prisoners for his chariot-tail."

Disregarding their banter, the Centurion Sempronius, who was a comely young fellow and seemed just then extremely admirable in person and principles to me, mounted again, and, pointing with his short sword to the shore, bid me march, speaking the Gallic tongue, and in a manner there was no gainsaying.

So I was prisoner to the Romans, and they bound me, and left me lying for ten hours under the side of one of their stranded ships, down by the melancholy afternoon sea, still playing with its dead men, and rolling and jostling together in its long green fingers the raven-haired Etrurian and the pale, white-faced Celt. Then, when it was evening, they picked me up, and a low plebeian in leather and brass struck me in the face when, husky and spent with fighting, I asked for a cup of water. They took me away through their camp and a mile down the dingles, where the Roman legionaries were digging fosses, and making their camp in the ruddy flicker of watch-fires, under the British oaks, to a rising knoll.

Here the main body of the invaders were lying in a great crescent towards the inland, and crowning the hillock was a scarp, where a rough pavilion of skins and sails from the vessels on the beach had been erected.

As we approached this, all the noise and laughter died out of my guard, who now moved in perfect silence. A bowshot away we halted, and presently Sempronius was seen backing out of the tent with an air of the greatest diffidence. Seizing me by manacled arms, he led me to it. At the very threshold he whispered in my ear—

"Briton, if you value that tawny skin of yours I saved this morning, speak true and straight to him who sits within": and without another word he thrust me into the rough pavilion. At a little table, dark with usage and scarred with campaigning, a man was sitting, an ample toga partly hiding the close-fitting leather vest he wore beneath it. His long and nervous fingers were urging over the tablets before him a stylus with a speed few in those days commanded, while a little earthenware lamp, with a flickering wick burning in the turned-up spout, cast a wavering light upon his thin, sharp-cut features—the imperious mouth that was shut so tight, and the strong lines of his dark commanding face.

He went on writing as I entered, without looking up; and my gaze wandered round the poor walls of his tent; his piled-up arms in one place, his truckle bed in another, there a heap of choice British spoil, flags and symbols and weapons, and there a foreign case, half opened, stocked with bags of coins and vellum rolls. All was martial confusion in the black and yellow light of that strange little chamber, and as I turned back to him I felt a shock run through me to find the blackest and most piercing pair of eyes that ever shone from a mortal head fixed upon my face.

He rose, and, with the lamp in his hand, surveyed me from top to toe.

"Of the Veneti?" he said, in allusion to my dark un-British hair; and I answered "No."

"What, then?"

I told him I was a knight just now in the service of the British King.

"How many of your men opposed us to-day?" was the next question.

"A third as many as you brought with you where you were not invited."

"And how many are there in arms behind the downs and in this southern country?"

"How many pebbles are there on yonder beach? How many ears of corn did we pull last harvest?" I answered, for I thought I should die in the morning, and this made me brave and surly.

He frowned very blackly at my defiance, but curbing, I could see, his wrath, he put the lamp on the table, and, after a minute of communing with himself, he said, in a voice over which policy threw a thin veil of amiability—

"Perhaps, as a British knight, and a good soldier, I have no doubt, you could speak better with your hands untied?"

I thanked him, replying that it was so; and he came up, freeing, with a beautiful little golden stiletto he wore in his girdle, my wrists. This kindly slight act of soldierly trust obliged me to the Roman General, and I answered his quick, incisive questions in the Gaulish tongue as far as honestly might be. He got little about our forces, finding his prisoner more effusive in this quarter than communicative. Once or twice, when my answers verged on the scornful, I saw the imperious temper and haughty nature at strife with his will in that stern, masterful face and those keen black eyes.

But when we spoke of the British people, I could satisfy his curious and many questions about them more frankly. Every now and then, as some answer interested him, he would take a quick glance at me as though to read in my face whether it were the truth or not, and, stopping by his little table, he would jot down a passage on the wax, scan it over, and inquire

of something else. Our life and living, wars, religions, friendships, all seemed interesting to this acute gentleman so plainly clad, and it was only when we had been an hour together, and after he had clearly got from me all he wished, that he called the guard and dismissed me, bidding Sempronius in Latin, which the General thought I knew not, to give me food and drink, but keep me fast for the present.

Sempronius showed the utmost deference to the little man in the toga and leather jerkin, listening with bent head and backing from his presence; while I but roughly gave him thanks for my freed hands, and stalked out after my jailer with small ceremony.

Once in the starlight and out of earshot the Centurion said to me, with a frown—

"Briton, I feel somewhat responsible for you, and I beg

the next time you leave that presence not to carry your head so high or turn that wolf-skinned back of yours on him so readily, or I am confident I shall have orders to teach you manners. Did you cast yourself down when you entered?"

"Not I."

"Jove! And did not kneel while you spoke to him?"

"Not once," I said.

"Now, by the Sacred Flame! do you mean to say you stood the whole time as I found you, towering in your ragged skins, your bare braceleted arms upon your chest, and giving Caesar back stare for stare in his very tent?"

"Who?"

"Caesar himself. Why, who else? Caesar, whose word is life and death from here to the Apennines, who is going to lick up this country of yours as a hungry beggar licks out a porringer. Surely you knew that he to whom you spoke so freely was our master the great Proctor himself!"

Here was an oversight! I might have guessed so much; but, full of other things, I had never supposed the little man was anything but a Roman General sent out to harry and pursue us. Strange ideas rose at once, and, while the Tyrian in me was awestruck by the closeness of my approach to a famous and dreaded person, the Briton moaned at a golden opportunity lost to unravel, by one bold stroke—a stroke of poignard, of burning brand from the fire, of anything—the net that was closing over this unfortunate island.

So strong rose these latter regrets at having had Caesar, the unwelcome, the relentless, within arms' length, and having let him go forth with his indomitable blood still flowing in his lordly veins, that I stopped short, clapped my hand upon my swordless scabbard, and made a hasty stride back to the tent.

At once the ready Sempronius was on me like a wild cat, and with two strong legionaries bore me to the ground and tied me hand and foot. They carried me down to the camp, and there pitched me under a rock to reflect until dawn on the things of a disastrous day.

But by earliest twilight the bird had flown! At midnight, when the tired soldiers slept, I chafed my hempen bonds against a rugged angle of earth-embedded stone, and in four hours was free, rising silently among the snoring warriors, and passing into the forest as noiselessly as one of those weird black shadows that the last flashes of their expiring camp-fires made at play on the background of the woods.

I stole past their outmost pickets while the first flush of day was in the east, and then, in the open, turned me to my own people and ran like a hind to her little one over the dewy grasslands and through the spangled thickets, scaring the conies at their earliest meal, and frightening the merles and mavis ere they had done a bar of their matin songs, throwing myself down in the tents of my kinsmen just as the round sun shone through the close-packed oak-trunks.

But, curse the catfif fools who welcomed me there! It would have been far better had I abided Caesar's anger, or trusted to that martial boy Sempronius Faunus!

The British churls, angry and sullen at their defeat of yesterday, were looking for a victim to bear the burden of their wrongs. Now, the priest Dhuwallon, who had turned livid with fear and anger when I had come back unharmed from the hands of the enemy, with a ready wit which was surely lent him from hell, saw he might propitiate the Britons and gratify his own ends by one more coward trick to be played at my expense. I do not deny his readiness or grudge him aught, yet I hate him even now from the bottom of my heart with all that fierce old anger which then would have filled me with delight and pride if I could have had his anointed blood smoking in the runnels of my sword.

Well. It was his turn again. He procured false witnesses—not a difficult thing for a high-priest in that discontented camp—and by midday I was bound once more, and before the priests and chiefs as a traitor and Roman spy.

What good was it for me to stand up and tell the truth to that gloomy circle while the angry crowd outside hungered for a propitiatory sacrifice? In vain I lied with all the resources I could muster, and in vain, when this was fruitless, denounced that pale villain, my accuser. When I came to tell of his treachery in killing my horse the day before, and leaving me to be slain by the enemy, I saw I was but adding slander in the judges' eyes to my other crimes. When I declared I was no Roman, but a Briton—an aged fool, his long white locks filleted with oak-leaves, rose silently and held a polished brass mirror before me, and by every deity in the Northern skies I must own my black hair and dusky face was far more Roman than native.

So they found me guilty, and sentenced me to be offered up to Baal next morning before the army as a detected spy.

When that silvery dawn came, it brought no relief or respite, for the laws of the Druids, which enjoined slow and deliberate judgments, forbid the altering of a sentence once pronounced. It was as fine a day as could be wished for their infernal ceremonial, with the mellow autumn mist lying wide and flat along the endless vistas of oak and hazel that then hid almost all the valleys, and over the mist the golden rays of the sun spread far and near, kissing with crimson radiance the green knobs of upland that shone above that pearly ocean, and shining on the bare summits of the lonely grass hills around us, and gleaming in rosy brilliancy upon the sea that flashed and sparkled in grey and gold between the downs to the southward. Here in this fairy realm, while the thickets were still beaded with the million jewels of the morning, and the earth breathed of repose and peace, they carried out that detestable orgie of which I was the centre.

My memory is a little hazy. Perhaps, at the time, I was thinking of other things—a red-haired girl, for instance, playing with her little ones outside her porch in a distant glen; my shekels of brass and tin and silver; my kine, my dogs, and my horses, mayhap; such things will be—and thus I know little of how it came. But presently I was on the fatal spot.

A wide circle of green grass, kept short and close, in the heart of a dense thicket of oak. Round this circle a ring of great stone columns, crowned by mighty slabs of the same kind, and hung, to-day, with all the skins and robes and weapons of the assembled tribesmen; so that the mighty enclosure was a rude amphitheatre, walled by the wealth of the spectators, and in the centre an oblong rock, some eight feet long, with a gutter down it for the blood to run into a pit



at its feet. This was the fatal slip from which the Druids launched that poor vessel the soul upon the endless ocean of eternity.

All round the great circle, when its presence and significance suddenly burst upon me, were the British, to the number of many hundreds, squatting on the ground in the front rows, or standing behind against the grey pillars, an uncouth ring of motley barbarians, shaggy with wolf and bear skins, gleaming in brass and golden links that glistened in the morning light against naked limbs and shoulders, traced and pictured in blue woad with a hundred designs of war and wood craft.

They forced me and two other miserable wretches to the altar, and then, while our guards stood by us and the mounted men clustered among the monoliths behind, a deadly silence fell upon the assembly. It was so still we could hear the beat of our own hearts, and so intolerable that one of us three fell forward in a swoon ere it had lasted many minutes. The din of battle was like the murmur of a pleasant brook before that expectant hush; and when the white procession of executioners came chanting up the farther avenue of stones into the arena, I breathed again as though it was a nuptial procession and they were bringing me a bride less grim than the golden adze which shone at their head.

They sang round the circle their mystic song, and then halted before the rude stone altar. Mixing up religion and justice as was their wont, the chief Druid recited the crimes of the two culprits beside me, with their punishment, and immediately the first one, tightly bound, was pitched upon the stone altar; and while the Druids chanted their hymns to Baal the assembled multitude joined in, and, clanging their shields in an infernal tumult which effectually drowned his yells for mercy, the sacred adze fell, and first his head and then his body rolled into the hollow, while twenty little streams of crimson blood trickled down the sides of the altar stone. The next one was treated in the same way, and tumbled off into the hollow below, and I was hoisted up to that reeking slab.

While they arranged me, that black priest stole up and hissed in my ear, "Is it of Blodwen you think when you shut your eyes? Take this, then, for your final comfort," he said, with a malicious leer—"I, even I, the despised and thwarted, will see to Blodwen and answer for her happiness. Ah!—you writhe—I thought that would interest you. Let your last thought, accursed stranger, be I and she: let your last conception be my near revenge! Villain! I spit upon and deride you!" And he was as good as his word, glowering down upon me helpless, with insatiate rage and hatred in his eyes, and then, stepping back, signed to the executioner.

I heard the wild hymn to their savage gods go ringing up again through the green leaves of the oaks; I heard the clatter of the weapons upon the round brass-bound targets, the voices of the priests and the cry of a startled kite circling in the pleasant autumn mist overhead. I saw the great crescent of the sacred golden adze swing into the sky, and then, while it was just checking to the fall which should extinguish me, there came a hush upon the people, followed by a wild shout of fear and anger, and I turned my head half over as I lay bound upon the stone.

I saw the British multitude seethe in confusion and then burst and fly like the foam strands before the wind, as, out of the green thickets, at the run, their cold, brave faces all emotionless over their long brass shields, came rank upon rank of Roman legionaries. I saw Sempronius on his white charger at their head, glittering in brass and scarlet, and finding my tongue in my extremity, "Sempronius!" I yelled, "Sempronius to the rescue!" But too late.

With a wavering, aimless fall the adze descended between my neck and my shoulder, the black curtain of dissolution fell over the painted picture of the world, there was a noise of a thousand rivers tumbling into a bottomless cavern, and I expired.

### CHAPTER III.

I do confess I can offer no justification for the continuation of my story. Once so fairly sped as I was on that long-distant day, thus recalled in such detail as I can remember, the natural and regular thing would be that there should be an end of me, with, perhaps, a page or two added by some kindly scribe to recall my too quickly smothered virtues. Nevertheless, I write again, not a whit the worse for a mischance which would have silenced many a man, and in a mood to tell you of things wonderful enough to strain the sides of your shallow modern scepticism, as new wine stretches a goat-skin bottle.

All the period between my death on the Druid altar and my reawakening was a void, whereof I can say but little. The only facts pointing a faint clue to the wonderful lapse of life are the brief phenomena of my reawakening, which came to hand in sequence as they are here set down.

My first consciousness was little better than a realisation of the fact that practically I was extinct. To this pointless knowledge then came a dawning struggle with the powers of mortality, until very slowly, inch by inch, the negativeness was driven back, and the spark of life began to brighten within me. To this moment I cannot say how long the process took. It may have been days or weeks or months, or ages as likely as not; but when the vital flame was kindled the life and self-possession spread more quickly, until at last, with little fluttering breaths like a new-born baby's, and a tingling trickle of warm blood down my shrunken veins, in one strange minute, four hundred years after the close of my last spell of living (as I afterwards learned), I feebly opened my eyes, and recognised with dull contentment that I was alive again.

But oh! the sorrows attendant on it! Every bone and muscle in me ached to that awakening, and my very fibre shook to the stress of the making tide of vitality. You who have lain upon an arm for a sleepy hour or two and suffered as a result ingenious torments from the new-moving blood, think of the like sorrows of four hundred years' stagnation! It was scarcely to be borne, and yet, like many other things of which the like might be said, I bore it in bitterness of spirit, until life had trickled into all the unfamiliar pathways of my clay, and then at length the pain decreased and I could think and move.

In that strange and lonely hour of temporal resurrection almost complete darkness surrounded me, and my mind (with one certain consciousness that I had been very long where I lay) was a chaos of speculation and fancy and long-forgotten scenes. But as my faculties came more completely under control, and my eyes accepted the dim twilight as sufficient and convenient to them, they made out overhead a dull, massy roof of rock, rough with the strong masonry of mother earth, and descending in rugged sides to an uneven floor. In fact, there could be no doubt I was underground, but how far down, and where, and why, could not be said. All round me were cavernous hollows and midnight shadows, round which the weird gleam of rude pillars and irregular walls made a heavy mysterious coast to a black, uncertain sea. I sat up and rubbed my eyes—and as I did so I felt every rag of clothing drop in dust and shreds from my person—and peered into the almost impenetrable gloom. My outstretched hands on one side touched the rough rocks of what was apparently the arch of a niche in this chamber of the nether world, and under me they discovered a sandy shelf, upon which I lay some eight

or ten feet from the ground, as near as could be judged. Not a sound broke the stillness but the gentle monotony of falling water, whereof one unseen drop twice a minute fell with a faint silver cadence on to the surface of an unknown pool. I did not fear, I was not frightened, and soon I noticed as a set-off to the gloom of my sullen surroundings the marvellous purity of the atmosphere. It was a preservative itself. Such an ambient, limpid element could surely have existed nowhere else. It was soft as velvet in its absolute stillness, and pure beyond suspicion. It was like some thin, sunless vintage that had mellowed endless years in the great vat of the earth, and it now ran with the effect of a delicate tonic through my inert frame. Nor was its sister and ally—the temperature—less conducive to my cure. In that subterranean place summer and winter were alike unknown. The trivial changes that vex the cuticle of the world were here reduced to an unalterable average of gentle warmth that assimilated with the soulless air to my huge contentment. You cannot wonder, therefore, that I throve apace, and explored with increasing strength the limits of my strange imprisonment.

All about me was fine deep dust and shreds, which even then smelt in my palm like remnants of fur and skins. At my elbow was a shallow British eating-dish, with a little dust at the bottom, and by it a broken earthenware pitcher such as they used for wine. On my other side, as I felt with inquisitive fingers, lay a handleless sword, one of my own I knew, but thin with age, the point all gone, rusty and useless. By it, again, reposed a small jar, heavy to lift and rattling suggestively when shaken. My two fingers thrust into the neck told me it was full of coins, and I could not but feel a flush of gratitude in that grim place at the abortive kindness which had put food and drink, weapons and money by my side with a sweet ignorance, yet certainty of my future awakening.

But now budding curiosity suggested wider search, and, rising with difficulty, I cautiously dropped from my lofty shelf on to the ground. Then a wish to gain the outer air took possession of me, and, peering this way and that, a tiny point of light far away on the right attracted my attention. On approaching, it turned out to be a small hole in the cave out of reach overhead; but, feeling about below this little star of comfort, the walls appeared soft and peaty to the touch, so at once I was at work digging hard, with a pointed stone; and the farther I went the more leafy and rough became the material, while hope sent my heart thumping against my ribs in tune to my labour.

At last, impulsive, after half an hour's work, a fancy seized me that I could have a way out with my shoulder. No sooner said than done. I took ten steps back, and then plunged fiercely in the darkness of the great cavern into the mouldy screen.

How can I describe the result! It gave way, and I shot in a whirlwind of dust into a sparkling golden world! I rolled over and over down a spangled firmament, clutching in my bewilderment my hands full of blue and yellow gems at every turn, and slipping and plunging with a sirocco of colour, red, green, sapphire, and gold flying round before my bewildered face. I finally came to a stop, and sat up. You will not wonder that I glared round me when I say I was seated at the foot of all the new marvels of a beautiful limestone knoll, clothed from top to bottom with bluebells and primroses, spangled with the young spring greenery of hazel and beech overhead, and backed by the cloudless blue of an April sky!

On top of this fairy mountain, at the roots of the trees that crowned it, hidden by bracken and undergrowth, was the round hole from which I had plunged; nor need I tell you how, remembering what had happened in there, I rubbed my eyes, and laughed and marvelled greatly at the will of the Inscrutable, which had given me so wonderful a re-birth.

To you must be left to fill up the picture of my sensations and slowly recurring faculties. How I lay and basked in the warmth, and slowly remembered everything: to me belongs but the strange and simple narrative.

(To be continued.)

### MARRIAGE OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

Fashionable London society loves a wedding the sentimental interest of which has a flavour of romance. The nuptials of the famous African traveller and discoverer, who has been the leading figure of this season, with a lady whose accomplishments as an artist, employed with kindly humour in delineating the quaint aspects and gestures of those provoking but engaging creatures the London street boys, must be an event of rare originality among the commonplace affairs of social life. This marriage, celebrated on July 12 at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of Royal Princes and Princesses, the bridegroom attended by the comrades of his recent brave march through the dreadful forest of Darkest Africa, and by a special representative of King Leopold of the Belgians, President of the Congo Free State, is a transaction sufficiently of a public character to demand notice in our Journal. We give the Portraits of the distinguished pair, with our sincere congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness.

A biographical memoir of the hero of so many adventures and exploits, more widely discussed than those of the most renowned commanders in modern warfare, is scarcely needed on the present occasion. Readers who would study his career, as a whole, are hereby referred to a volume by the Rev. Henry Little, "Henry M. Stanley, his Life, Travels, and Explorations," just published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is there stated that he was born at Denbigh, in North Wales, in 1841, his name in childhood being John Rowlands; that he was educated in the Free School at St. Asaph, went to America in early youth, received by adoption, from a good friend at New Orleans, the name of Henry Morton Stanley, and became a citizen of the United States. Both the United Kingdom, his native country, and the great English Republic, to which he has been loyal in manhood, and in which he was trained as a journalist, may be proud of his marvellous achievements.

The bride, Miss Dorothy Tennant, who has been living with her widowed mother at 2, Richmond-terrace, Whitehall, is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles Tennant of Cadoxton Lodge, Neath, Glamorganshire, formerly M.P. for St. Albans, who died in 1873; her mother was Gertrude Barbara Rich, eldest daughter of the late Admiral H. T. B. Collier, R.N. Miss Dorothy Tennant's pictures, and her literary contributions, with clever drawings, to the illustrated magazines, have won public favour. To the Exhibition for this summer at the New Gallery, in Regent-street, she sent two pictures, "Street Arabs at Play" and one called "An Allegory," which many of our readers have seen. The Queen has presented to Miss Dorothy Tennant a miniature of her Majesty, handsomely set in brilliants, with a lock of her hair at the back.

Our Portrait of Mr. Stanley is from the photograph by Mr. Waléry (Electric Light), Regent-street. That of Miss Dorothy Tennant, now Mrs. Stanley, was taken by her younger sister, who is an excellent amateur photographer, Mrs. F. W. H. Myers, of Leekhampton House, Cambridge.

### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It would not matter much, perhaps, that the English climate should be so humid, if it were not so eccentric; but here one never knows what to expect for a few hours at a stretch. All looks clear overhead, and suddenly the windows of the sky are drawn apart, and a deluge plumps on one's summer gown: it rains steadily for hours, so that one goes to a "function" in one's old dress, and, as soon as the deed is irrevocable, the malicious imps who shift the overhead scenes roll up the curtains of cloud and trot away with them, leaving the sun to flare mercilessly on the dingy raiment donned to suit the rain. The two great botanical fêtes this season have exactly exemplified this shameless perversity on the part of the English weather. The rain poured till the guests had started for the Fête of Flowers, and then the sun shone for the rest of the time; while at the evening fête, the reverse diversion was indulged in, and the rain deluged the scene a moment after everybody had been congratulating each other on having such a perfect night. In two minutes half the thousands of little lights about the grounds were extinguished; in five, the tents were soaked through, and the greensward beneath them became a puddle. Everybody fled for shelter, but many failed to find it.

Really the sight was sad—the pretty dresses and dust-cloaks all bedabbled and dirtied. It is a feature of this season to have dust-cloaks and opera-mantles even more beautiful than the dresses they cover; and this open-air evening fête seemed to have been made an opportunity for displaying many of these beautiful wraps. Most of them are long. A handsome one was a pale-green brocaded silk, the pattern being almost white; this was edged with white ostrich feather. Another was in a loose shape, gauged in to the shoulders and again in to the waist; the material was fawn-coloured faille française, with trimming of fluffy fur of a similar shade. A showy mantle of sky-blue plush, untrimmed, was worn over a white satin dress, the whole costume far too handsome for the occasion. So, indeed, were many of the light dresses, cut low in the neck, and with long trains. The scene was, however, very bright and gay while it lasted, the chains of opal-globed gas lamps on each side of the broad walk, the trees bending down under the weight of the strange fruit of innumerable tiny lamps of many colours, the lake bearing on its bosom floating devices in coloured lights, the high gateways and water towers completely outlined with variegated sparks of brightness, and amid all this some ten thousand people in festive attire walking to the strains of the best military bands.

Tables dressed for dinner form an attractive show always at this fête: they are interesting to see, and they give one hints for private use. The tables decorated and furnished by Messrs. Phillips, the famous glass and china house of 175, Oxford-street, deservedly carried off most of the prizes. One of their successes was set entirely with cut glass. There was a great bowl of this many-faceted crystal, mounted on supports of bright gold, for the centrepiece: it was flanked on either side by tall crystal candelabra of eight branches, and beyond these came smaller and lower compotes of cut glass, all with chased gold for feet. Along each side of these centre decorations was a slip of yellow moiré, on which, as well as laid on the white tablecloth around all the crystal ornaments, were pale-yellow Maréchal Niel roses in profusion. The bowls contained a mixture of white pelargoniums and Maréchal Nels, and the candles had little yellow silk and lace shades. The strawberries, mixed with yellow-skinned apricots, in the glass compôte dishes, made the only relief in the scheme of pale-yellow colour. The entire effect was delightful. On this table were charming dessert plates, each painted with a separate game subject.

Another of Messrs. Phillips's tables was in a refreshing and delicate pale green. The centre was of that fine ware of which the firm make a special show on the tables which are always to be seen set out in their Oxford-street rooms. It is an ivory-surfaced ware, a good deal like old Worcester, but really of Minton's modern make. In large and beautifully designed holders of this ware were arranged simply several kinds of ferns, relieved by a very few dark-brown orchids. A band of green moiré passed down each side of the table, and on it were laid fern-leaves, a great many feathery sprays of asparagus, and a few brown orchids. These flowers and ferns wandered off the moiré band and lay singly all over the white centre of the table. Such a disposition of flowers and leaves, looking as though carelessly scattered, was quite a feature of this year's tables. In the centre, between the middle Worcester bowl of ferns and the smaller vases beyond it, were two big bows of green moiré ribbon holding ferns and orchids in their midst. The candelabra, of the Worcester china, were towards the ends of the table, and had pale-green shades.

A table which won a prize had a band of Greek or "Reticella" lace—that is, a very coarse open-work—laid over old-gold satin, down each side of the table. The centre piece was a tall electric lamp completely shrouded in thin muslin of a yellow ground patterned in gold; the same muslin was all crumpled up in the middle of the table to veil other little pear-shaped lights which rested on the cloth, and swathes or miniature hammocks of muslin filled with white flowers passed from the central standard to other lower electric lights at the four corners of the table. The effect of the lights shining through the transparent yellow draperies was very pretty. Of course, it is only the heatless electric light which can thus be treated, but there are now portable electric lamps, burning a limited time, to be had for such purposes.

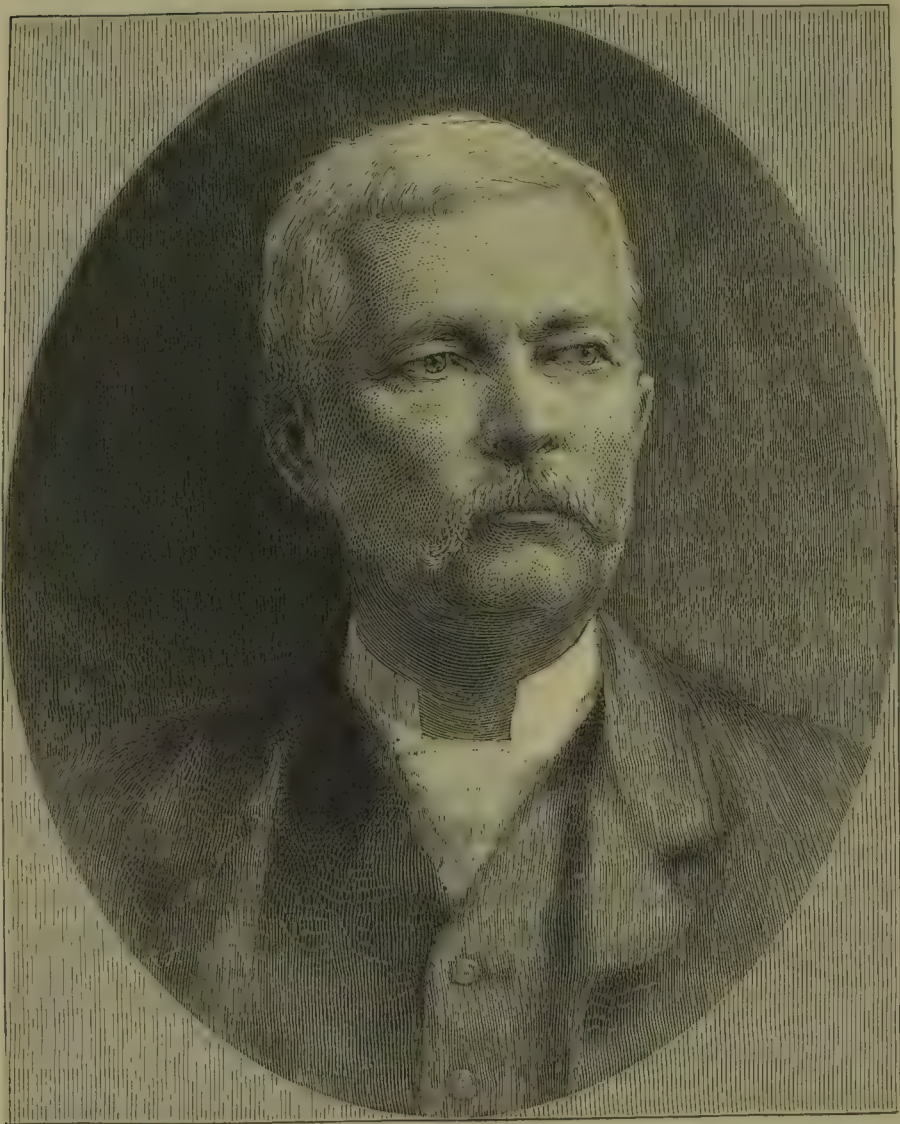
There were interesting features on other tables. On one were blocks of wood hollowed out to form receptacles for roses. On another, horseshoes of ivy-leaves, with white roses along the top, framed the menu cards. On a looking-glass lake, surrounded by crumpled-up pink silk, floated water-lilies, set in little flat glass plates to afford them moisture, the plates concealed from a casual glance by gigantic nasturtium-leaves. Variegated begonia-leaves nearly covered a tablecloth on which were Worcester flower-holders containing pink carnations, waxlike white gardenias, and maidenhair fern. An excellent effect was produced on one table by nothing else but very tall waving field-grasses, with asparagus feathery fronds, marguerites and pink poppies, and a good deal of the coral red of ixias in glass stands.

Progress by women in every direction has to be reported with encouraging frequency. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's charming Academy picture "Love Locked Out" has been purchased for the public by the President and Council of the Royal Academy out of the Chantry Bequest. This is the first time that a woman's work has been thus selected.—In the M.A. examination in classics at the London University, three ladies respectively stand first, second, and third on the list.

It is difficult to make serge seaside dresses novel without spoiling their distinctive features; but two which I have just seen seem to answer this description. One has a plain bodice with sleeves of dark-red serge and a band of the same round the skirt some eight inches above the foot. The other has a simulated zouave of white serge let into the bodice round the armholes, and four rows of medium width white braid on the skirt.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.





MR. H. M. STANLEY.



MISS DOROTHY TENNANT.



MELCHET COURT, HANTS, THE SEAT OF LOUISA CAROLINE, LADY ASHBURTON, WHERE MR. STANLEY AND HIS BRIDE PASS THEIR HONEYMOON.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.



THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. II. HARROW.



1. The Old School.

2. John Lyon's House at Preston, near Harrow.

3. School Chapel and Library.

4. Fourth Form Room, Old School.

5. Head Master's Seat, Fourth Form Room.



## THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

No. II.



THE REV. J. E. COWELL WELLDON, M.A., HEAD MASTER.

RECENT research has shown that Harrow School is of much greater antiquity than was popularly supposed. Harrow claims as her founder a certain John Lyon, a yeoman of the time of Queen Elizabeth, possessed of considerable property in the county, and living at Preston, a small village about two miles away, where his house is still in existence; but there is now reason to think that John Lyon merely refounded and endowed a school that had been established under ecclesiastical patronage from even Saxon times.

For centuries Harrow had been a manor of Canterbury, and here, until the year 1314, when they bought Headstone, the Archbishops were accustomed to come for a country retreat. Here Lanfranc built a church, of which nothing now remains but the west door; here records state that Thomas à Becket twice stayed; here doubtless was a school managed by monks and fostered by the Archbishop. Down to the time of Wolsey, who is supposed to have been Rector of Harrow, her connections are purely ecclesiastical. Since the overthrow of the monasteries her history has become more secular; and it is perhaps curious that at the present time she can count few living ecclesiastical dignitaries among her sons, beyond the newly made Roman Catholic Bishop of Newcastle and Cardinal Manning.

John Lyon obtained a "Charter firm and free" from Queen Elizabeth in the year 1571, and it is from this year that all Harrovians date the life of their school. The Charter, which, with its great seal, is now preserved in the Vaughan Library, was for the foundation of a free grammar school for boys, especially excluding the female sex; and in the statutes left by the founder there is an express clause to the effect that the schoolmaster may receive scholars other than the inhabitants of the parish. It is to this important clause that Harrow owes her rank as one of the great public schools of England; without that she must have remained merely a parochial school, and the names on her noble list of statesmen, poets, warriors, travellers, and scholars would have gone to swell the records of other schools.

The position of the school is a peculiar one. John Lyon, living in the plain below, determined to secure a wide-reaching view for his school, and accordingly the first building, which is now incorporated as the western wing of the old schools, was situated close to the top of the hill, only next to the church in point of elevation. To the west, it looks far away over the plains, across the Thames valley to Windsor and Oxfordshire, while, to the east, there is no hill of greater height between Harrow and Moscow! The view from the churchyard is famous, and has become associated with Byron's name, from the fact that the poet, when a boy in the school, used to lie—

hid from lesson and game away,  
Dreaming poetry, all alone  
Up on the top of the Peachey stone.

Byron's tomb, as it is popularly called, has suffered much

from admiring visitors, who chipped off pieces as a memorial, so that of late years it has been protected from destruction by an iron cage.

There is a story that Byron, who felt bitterly his inability to join in the games of his companions owing to his lameness, declared that he would do what none of his able-bodied friends dare. The church spire was under repair, and the workmen had got ladders and a rope or two about. By the help of these Byron managed to climb the steeple and set himself astride the weather-cock, to the wonder and almost to the fright of the boys below. Suddenly the weather-cock veered round, startling him, and, losing hold, he fell. His fall was happily broken by a projecting piece of iron, by which he hung till a steeple-jack came and rescued him from his perilous position.

Harrow Church has for centuries been a well-known landmark to the surrounding country, and Charles the Second's *bon mot* concerning it deserves to be recorded. Hearing certain divines disputing as to the Church visible, he told them that that was to be found on Harrow Hill. In this church the school assembled on Sundays and Saint Days until September 1839, when the first school chapel was consecrated, and the gallery on the north side, which is now a thing of the past, seems to have been appropriated to the use of the scholars; but in the early part of this century their numbers had so greatly increased that they must have encroached far into the body of the church. It was but seldom in those days that the Head Master of the school appeared in the pulpit, or had the chance

of giving those stirring addresses which are now the feature of the chapel services; and the church sermons then were rarely adapted to the taste of the youthful audience.

On the first pillar below the chancel in the north aisle are to be found the brass tablets of John Lyon and his wife: these tablets originally marked the spot under which the remains actually lay; but in 1847 they were removed to the position they now occupy, while John Lyon's resting-place is undistinguished.

Passing out from the church by the north door, we come across the tombstones of Archdeacon Thackeray, Head Master of Harrow from 1746 to 1760 (whose son, William Makepeace Thackeray, the father of the great novelist, was born at Harrow), and of Dr. Robert Sumner, his successor in that office. Coming down the hill from the church through the lych-gate, erected to the memory of John William Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow and a governor of the school, we pass on the right the school-gates, with the Harrow crest of the lion surmounting them, and stop to read the notices of scholarships and athletics which are posted up here. Entering them, we come to the old schools, of which the western wing, that farthest from the road, is the original building erected in 1608. Up to 1819 this building was surrounded on three sides by the schoolyard, the northern side abutting, as now, on the Vicarage garden, the entrance to the schools being on that side; but on the addition of the east wing, in this year, the entrance was changed to its present position, a broad flight of stone steps leading up to it from the yard. Over the entrance and below the school clock appears the following inscription, put up on the completion of the building:—

JOHANNES LYON  
SCHOLAM CONDIDIT A.S. MDLXXI  
GVBERNATORES VETVSTATE CORRVP TAM  
PECVNIA EX ARCA EROGATA  
AVCTO CVLTV REFECERVNT A.S. MDCCCXIX  
PORTICVM AVDTORIVM BIBLIOTHECAM ALIA IN DOMO SUPERIORI  
CONCLAVIA ET VESTIBVLVM CVM GRADIBVS LAPIDEIS  
AMPLIATO AREAE SPATIO GVBERNATORES MAGISTRI ATQVE ALVMNI  
COLLATO AERE ADSTRVENDA CVRAVERVNT  
GEORGIVS BYTLER S.T.P. ARCHIDIDASCALVS HAEC ADDITAMENTA  
FACIENDA PROCVRAVIT IDEMQVE COLLATORIBVS  
APPROBAVIT A.S. MDCCCXX.

The west and older wing contains the Fourth Form Room, two drawings of which are given—one looking to the south, containing the large window not included in the original building, but added to it in 1819, when the east wing and cloisters were built; and one to the north, with the Head Master's desk, from which prayers are still read at "first school," with the exception of those days when the whole school assembles in the new Speech Room for that purpose. On the right-hand side of the desk, and close to the corner, carved on the oak panelling by the boys themselves, are to be read the names of some of Harrow's most famous sons, scattered among those of less well-known Harrovians—Byron

in large letters; W. Jones, afterwards Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar; H. Temple, afterwards Lord Palmerston; H. E. Manning, now Cardinal; and on the left of the desk is R. Peel—the great Sir Robert; nearer the fireplace which occupies the centre of the west wall is R. B. Sheridan, in large sprawling characters. Sheridan returned to Harrow when his school career was over, and lived with his wife for a short time in the house known as The Grove, close to the church, which house is thought to have been the old manor house.

In early days it was considered rather shabby for any boy to employ a professional hand to carve his name, but now the carving of names by the boys is forbidden, luckily for the preservation of those old and famous ones, but unluckily in that little sentiment attaches to the names now put up, seeing that they are neatly cut by the school custos, and put up in columns instead of appearing in irregular characters all over the walls. This same room was used for a playground in wet weather before the cloisters were built, and cricket and rackets were often vigorously carried on here. In the old schools is also the Head Master's room—a rather small one, and at times overcrowded, but quite recently, when the Head Master put it to the vote of his form whether they should stay where they were or remove to a more commodious class-room just built, it was decided unanimously not to desert the old and historical room for a new one whose history would have to be made. The east wing contains the old Speech Room, which used to be inconveniently crowded on Speech Day and at school concerts; besides other class-rooms.

At the foot of the steps leading up to the Speech Room and Fourth Form Room stretches the school-yard, where "Bill" is called on half and whole holidays, the whole school passing in single file before the Bill-master, who takes his stand on the steps. It is at the first bill after the annual match against Eton at Lord's that the ceremony of cheering the members of the cricket eleven takes place. The calling of each cricketer's name as he passes in bill order is the signal for the hearty cheers of the whole school. Cricket practice is begun here long before the cricket-ground is fit to play on. On the west side of the yard, and sixteen feet below it, is the milling ground, where school fights used to take place. These fights always came off after "two bill," and were quite a recognised institution; notice was posted on the school gates, and the whole school used to watch from the yard above to see fair play. The mills have gradually died out, though there was one as late as 1872 or 1873. Sam Hoare, the well-known old school custos, used to delight to tell how C. S. Calverley, with his hands in his pockets, took a standing jump from the top of the wall which bounds it on that side down to the milling ground, a drop of 16 feet, and how he alighted on his nose, but, nothing daunted, he tried again, and this time was quite successful. Another famous performance of his was the clearing the whole flight of school steps, a jump of 19 feet in width, with a drop of 7 or 8 feet on to a hard gravel floor. Long flights of steps lead from the west side of the yard to the racquet-courts, both open and covered, to five courts, and to the gymnasium and workshop, which were built in 1873.



JOHN LYON, FROM MONUMENTAL BRASS.

In 1871, at the celebration of the Tercentenary of the school, the whole yard was converted into a banqueting-hall, and a large company of Harrovian celebrities assembled to do honour to the memory of the founder, among them being two former Head Masters





JOHAN LYON, WIFE OF JOHN LYON, FROM MONUMENTAL BRASS.

of the school—Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff. From this year dates the commencement of the "Lyon Memorial Fund," which has been applied to the erection of much-needed buildings, as, for instance, science schools, speech room, gymnasium, and workshop.

Standing at the school gates one day when a boy, at Harrow, the late Lord Shaftesbury saw a pauper's funeral coming up the hill. The bearers were drunk, and, stumbling about in their walk, several times nearly upset the coffin; they sang snatches of song, mingled with oaths and curses. Years after the great philanthropist, standing on the same spot, told how this sight had stirred in him a great pity, and how he determined to try and spend his life in ameliorating the lives of those beneath him in station.

From a little lower down the hill, just by the Head Master's house, the school buildings group in such a way that nearly all can be seen together. The road divides here, the main branch going on past the Vaughan Library, Chapel, New Schools, and Speech Room, while the other branch goes up at a higher level past the Old Schools to the church.

The present Head Master's house is built on the site of the one burnt down in Dr. Wordsworth's time—the old house had many traditions of Head Masters, such as Sumner, Drury, Longley, and Butler, attached to it, and tales of boys since known to fame. What would be the feelings of present Harrovians if, on hauling up a rope to which they believed a basket of "tuck" was attached, there should appear in the basket no "tuck," but the Head Master himself? Yet this is what occurred to Dr. Longley. Another story is told how one night, returning from a dinner-party, the Doctor saw a boy out at forbidden hours. The boy ran, Dr. Longley gave chase, and managed to seize the delinquent by the coat. In his efforts to escape the boy's coat-tail came off in the master's hand. Satisfied that he would be able to recognise the culprit the next morning, the Doctor let him go. But boys' ingenuity was too much for the good man; for next day each boy in the form appeared with only one tail to his coat, and the Doctor was baffled. That same old house was once the scene of a bolstering match between two future Prime Ministers—Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen, who, together with three other Prime Ministers, Peel, Goderich, and Spencer Perceval, were pupils of Dr. Drury. Byron, too, was one of the boys of the old house who were so much attached to their master that when, upon his resignation, Dr. George Butler was elected Head Master instead of the second master, Mr. Mark Drury, brother of their favourite, they headed a great rebellion in the school, tearing down the gratings of the hall windows, seizing the key of the school from the old custos, Peachey, breaking open the birch cupboard, pasting up "Liberty and Rebellion" over the Fourth Form Room, and even carrying loaded pistols, while all authority was paralysed for several days. Dr. Butler, however, weathered the storm, and in after-years the poet made ample apologies for his conduct. It must have been about this time, too, while the "Park" still belonged to the Rushouts, and when there was scarcely a house all along the stretch from the park gates to Orley Farm, that the boys were in the habit of stealing Lord Northwick's apples, which hung temptingly over the orchard wall where the block of buildings by the public hall now stands. Lord Northwick bore the depredations calmly for a while, but one day sent for the head of the school, and told him he would like to come to an agreement with him. "At present you take my apples before they are ripe, so that they are no good to me or to you. If you will let them ripen I will give you your share and keep my own." The boy thanked him, and went away. A few days after he came back, saying that he and his friends had thought over his Lordship's kind proposal, but would rather leave matters as they were! And this they did! Byron did not spend all his strength in rebellion, nor all his moments on the Peachey stone. He could use his pen for Harrow when needful. After the Harrovian defeat at Lord's in 1805, Eton sent the following lines to twit their opponents:—

Adventurous boys of Harrow School, of cricket you've no knowledge.  
Ye played not cricket, but the fool, with men of Eton College.

to which Byron replied:—

Ye Eton wits, to play the fool  
Is not the boast of Harrow School;  
No wonder, then, at our defeat—  
Folly, like yours, could ne'er be beat.

Just beyond the Head Master's house stands the school Library, known as the "Vaughan," a memorial of the fifteen years' rule at Harrow of the present Master of the Temple. The first stone was laid on July 4, 1861, by Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, and over seventy years of age. He rode down

from town, sat through the school speeches, which usually occupy two hours and a half, then laid the first stone of the Library, making a speech while standing out in pouring rain, and finally, without waiting for luncheon, rode back to town on a wet saddle to finish the day by making two or three speeches in the House! Truly there were wonderful "giants of old."

Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect of the building, and designed a large and lofty room with an oriel window in the centre commanding a splendid view over the football-field and "Ducker," the bathing-place, to Hampstead Heath.

The Library is open at certain hours for all members of the school to read in, the monitors alone having the privilege of taking out books. Here the school debating society holds its weekly meetings; and, surrounded by busts and portraits of orators, scholars, and poets, must not modern Harrovians, some of whom are descendants of these "giants of old," feel inspired to carry on the traditions that have made Harrow so famous? The Library comprises books of all kinds, and, though a recent poet informs us that—

A haughty shell boy in the Vaughan,  
Said, glancing around him in scorn,  
"Classics, History—swat! Travels, Geography—rot;  
There's nothing to read in the Vaughan!"

yet a boy who cannot find something to interest him in the varied literature collected here must, indeed, be difficult to please. The Vaughan is not merely a library: besides books it contains a large collection of portraits of distinguished Head Masters and old Harrovians, and many curious relics given by friends of the school. The portrait of Dr. Vaughan, now Dean of Llandaff, painted by Richmond, occupies the centre of the north wall—on either side are portraits of Lord Palmerston and Lord Dalhousie, Viceroy of India from 1847 to 1856. Then come the first Lord Spencer and Sir William Jones, the Oriental scholar. Next to them two famous cricketers—Lord Bessborough and the Hon. R. Grimston. John Sayer, the founder of the Sayer Scholarship, is also here painted as a boy of eighteen by Romney, and Sidney Herbert; then Byron, painted by West, at Pisa, in 1822. Immediately below the portrait of Dr. Vaughan stands a bust of Sir Robert Peel, and on either side are smaller ones of Spencer Perceval and Sidney Herbert. Almost in the centre of the room is a large bust of Lord Palmerston, facing a copy of the Byron in Trinity College Library. On the wall, opposite to Sir William Jones's portrait, is a small painting of Admiral Codrington, and also

THE OLD ARCHERY COSTUME OF THE HARROW BOYS.  
From Picture in Library.

engravings of Joseph Neeld and Lord Shaftesbury. On the south wall, occupying the place of honour, immediately under the clock, is Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, supported on the right by Dr. George Butler, Head Master from 1805 to 1829; Dr. Benjamin Heath, 1771 to 1785; and Dr. Thackeray, 1746 to 1760, the last in a magnificent Georgian wig. On the left are Dr. Wordsworth, Head Master from 1836 to 1844, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln; Robert Sumner, elected in 1760, and Samuel Parr, who, born in the place, and educated at the school under Dr. Thackeray and Sumner, together with Sir W. Jones, made Harrow famous as the nurse of such profound learning. Parr became an assistant master under Dr. Sumner, and had great part in the training of R. B. Sheridan, author of "The School for Scandal." On Dr. Sumner's death, in 1771, Parr, by common consent at Harrow, was looked on as the one man to succeed to the vacant post; but the governors, objecting to Parr's political principles, elected Dr. Heath, from Eton. The school rose in rebellion, seized one of the governors' carriages, dragged it down to Roxoth, and there utterly destroyed it. The ringleaders sent a letter to the governors pressing Parr's claims, and objecting to having an Etonian over them. "A school cannot be supported when every individual is disaffected towards the master," said they. More than a hundred years after, when the present Head Master, an eminent Etonian, was appointed, he was received in a very different temper by the school, and, having advanced with the times, the boys took shots at him with cameras instead of with stones. The governors, however, stood firm in their support of Dr. Heath, who succeeded in establishing his authority, but not without receiving a severe blow from Parr. Though entirely free from all complicity in the boys' rebellion, he now acted in a way very disloyal to Harrow. While the Head Master was contending with these difficulties, Parr threw up his Mastership, and, carrying with him one assistant master and forty of the best scholars, to Stanmore, established there a rival school, which, however, did not last long. One result of this rebellion was that Harrow lost the great Marquis Wellesley, who, then a boy of eleven, was taken away from the school by his guardian.

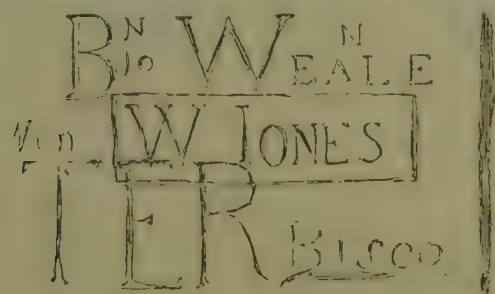
Besides the portraits already mentioned, there are engravings of Sheridan and Admiral Rodney, who had for his contemporaries in the school Admiral Hood and the Abyssinian traveller "Bruce, who travelled far." The spirit of travel among Harrovians has not yet died out, for Captain Nelson, one of Stanley's followers, who have just completed their

mission in the heart of Africa, was in the school as lately as 1869. Among other objects of interest in the room is the silver arrow won in 1766 by Charles Wager Allix, and presented to the Vaughan Library by his son, also an Harrovian. These arrows were competed for annually by twelve members of the school at archery meetings held on ground where the house known as the Batts now stands, and attracted large crowds of gaily dressed people from London and Windsor to witness what was in later years a unique event. The contests were held uninterruptedly for 170 years, until 1772, when they were abolished by Dr. Heath, in consequence of various irregularities to which they gave rise. An archery dress of white satin embroidered with silver, worn by Henry Read of Brookland, Kent, at the competition of 1766, was presented to the school by a descendant, and now hangs in a glass case below the arrow. Above this case is a small oil-painting of Lord Mountstuart, first Marquis of Bute, in the school archery dress. Higher up hangs a quaint engraving of a scene at the meeting of 1764, occupying the place that has been assigned to the Ashburton Shield when Harrow has been fortunate enough to carry off this trophy from the Wimbledon Meeting. On a case in the centre of the room stand the three racket cups presented by Prince's Club for competition among the public schools, and which have been won outright by Harrow: the first one dates from 1868, and was won completely—that is, for the third year in succession—in 1873; the second in 1881, and the third in 1885, while a fourth has been won for this year again by Harrovians. In another case are preserved a school-book of Byron's, with notes in the poet's handwriting, a manuscript copy of vulgar fractions written by Sir R. Peel, the pens used by the Queen and Prince Consort to inscribe their names on their visit to Harrow in 1848, and various other memorabilia. Next to the Vaughan Library stands the School Chapel. The original building was consecrated in 1839, at a time when the school was at a very low ebb in point of numbers. Indeed, in July 1813 there were only eighty-seven boys in the school. Under Dr. Vaughan the numbers rapidly rose, till the Chapel became inconveniently crowded, and in 1856 a chancel was added by the liberality of the Head Master, and the south, or Crimean, aisle was built by subscription, both additions being under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, by whom the whole building was altered and finished as it now stands. This south aisle contains memorial windows and brasses bearing the names of Harrovians killed in the Crimea. Among the sad long list of valiant men killed in battle or by fever, there are two, Lockwood and Montgomery, who rode and perished in the famous charge of the Light Brigade. Our Harrow poet has told the tale of Lockwood's death in his "Episode of Balaklava." When the little band who survived that charge were creeping up from the plain, Lockwood looked round, inquiring for his chief. There came a signalled answer, "Passed on"; he thought it meant "in danger among the guns," and turning instantly went straight to seek him alone, "One hopeless, splendid man," fronting again, without a thought of himself, the awful storm of shot and shell through which he had just come! Lockwood gave his life for duty and in the attempt to save his chief: Teignmouth Melville fell while protecting his colours at Isandlana. Both heroes are remembered and honoured by the school, which is proud to call them her sons, and to have their names carved on her chapel walls.

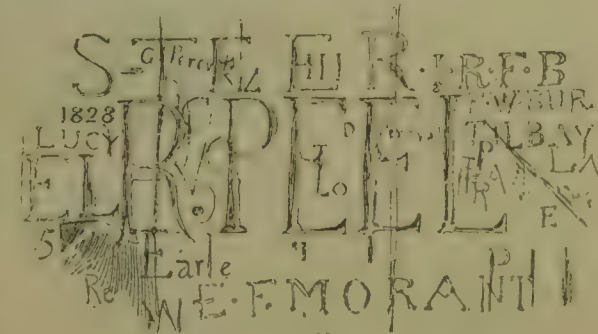
Two comrades in arms, who fell fighting for their country in Egypt, were members of the same house at Harrow: General Earle, killed at Kirbehan, and Colonel Fred Burnaby, well known by his famous Ride to Khiva, share a tablet below the brasses in the Crimean aisle. Next to them is the name of Lord St. Vincent, also killed at Abu Klea. The Afghan wars, too, have helped to fill the soldiers' aisle with tablets bearing names well known to Harrow.

On the north wall there are small marble arcades, some of them with medallion portraits, placed here by friends to the memory of masters and others closely connected with the school. Robert Grimston, "the lifelong lover of Harrow and her manly sports," has his name here; also Francis Maitland Balfour, whose early death, through an accident in Switzerland, lost to England an acknowledged leader in his special branch of science. The east end of this aisle is covered with small tablets to boys who died while actually members of the school. Two of them are remembered also as founders of the Anderson Scholarship and the Bouchier Prizes.

The Chapel also possesses a beautiful organ, placed in the gallery at the west end—a gift from an old Harrovian so lately as 1885. The spire is a memorial to Mr. Oxenham, for years a popular master here; and nearly all the windows are dedications or gifts, so that there is no part of the school that has become so essentially Harrovian as the Chapel. Beyond the Chapel, on the right, are the so-called New Schools, containing several class-rooms. A little farther on the opposite side of the road stands the new Speech Room—a building the interior of which, whatever may be said of the exterior, is of magnificent dimensions, and admirably suited to its purpose. It is built in the form of a Greek theatre, with stage and orchestra, and behind the latter a large organ. When full, on occasions such as Speech Days and the terminal concerts, it is capable of seating nearly a thousand people. A small pipe in the wall bounding the garden beyond the Speech Room marks the site of Charles's Well, the fountain where Charles I. stopped to drink in his flight from Oxford in April 1646, and where, it is said, he made his decision to return to the North rather than trust himself to London, which was in open revolt against his authority.



SIR W. JONES'S NAME, FOURTH FORM ROOM.

SIR ROBERT PEELE'S NAME CARVED ON PANEL,  
FOURTH FORM ROOM.



THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. II.

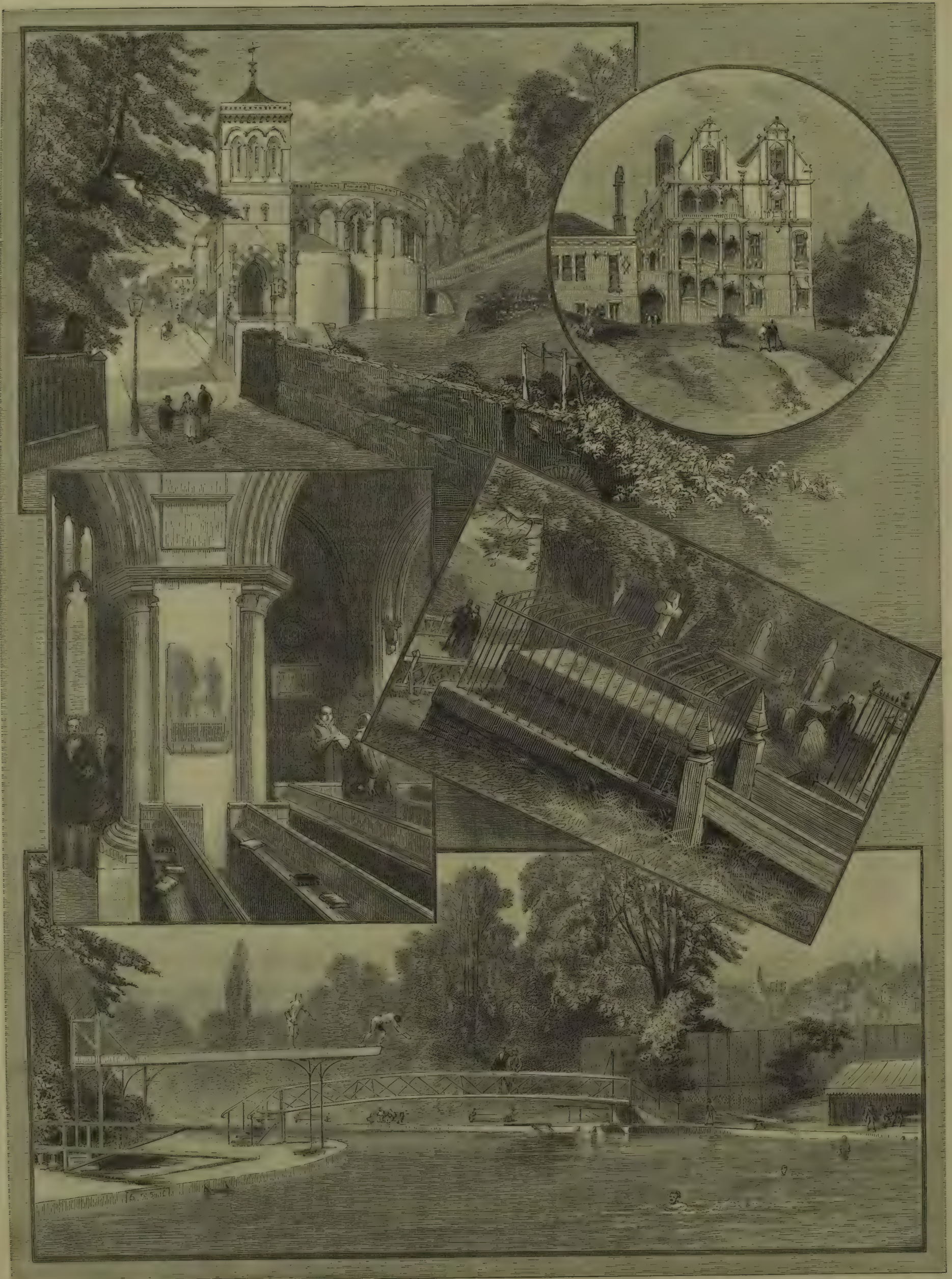


HARROW, FROM PINNER HILL.

H A R R O W.



## THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. II. HARROW.



1. The Speech Room.

2. The Museum.

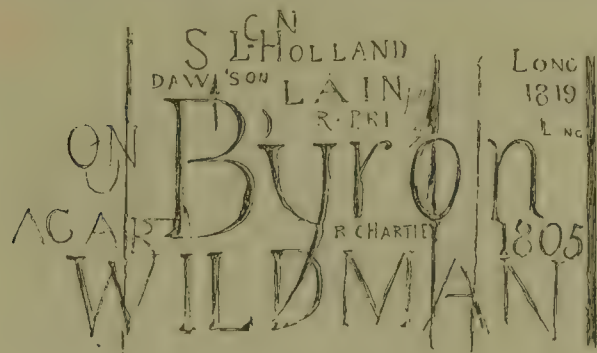
3. Monument of John Lyon and his Wife, Harrow Church.

4. Byron's Tomb, Harrow Churchyard.

5. The Duck Puddle.



Below the New School, on the way to "Ducker," stand the Chemical and Natural Science Schools, and connected with these is the Butler Museum, so called in honour of the present Master of Trinity's twenty-five years of head-mastership. It is a high three-storeyed building, the two lower storeys containing class-rooms, while the whole of the top floor is taken up by the Museum, which is divided into two rooms communicating by a large arched opening. A portrait of Dr. Butler, by Herkomer, hangs on one wall of the room containing Sir Gardner Wilkinson's valuable collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, given by him to the school



LORD BYRON'S NAME CARVED ON PANEL OF FOURTH FORM ROOM, AT HARROW.

in the hope that it might excite a taste for antiquarian research among a few of the rising generations. There are also casts from the antique, photographs of ancient Greece and Rome, cases of coins, &c., all of which appeal to a classical taste. The other room is more suited to a scientific turn of mind, containing as it does a collection of fossils to illustrate in particular the geology round Harrow. The cases have had the great advantage of Dr. Archibald Geikie's advice and help in their arrangement, and to his kindness, also, a handbook explaining the specimens is due.

Leaving the school in its working aspect on the top of the hill, one naturally runs down to the football field and bathing place known as Ducker. "Er" is the great feature of Harrow slang: there is "speaker," which stands either for Speech Day or for the room; "footer" does duty both for the game and for the ball; "ducker," short for duck puddle; "frowster," an armchair; in short, any word that by any possibility will bear it has "er" tacked on to the end. Football is played in a large field at the foot of the hill adjoining the Park, and has recently been bought by old Harrovians for the school. Its constitution is sticky, to say the least, and the amount of mud (though it be "only water modifying clay") brought up by the boys on their footer things would horrify anyone not accustomed to Harrow clay from his youth up! Yet on a bright October day there is no prettier sight than the large field covered with players in their different house colours, contrasting with the brilliant autumn tints of the oaks dotted about, and the varied tints of the park trees in the background. Who does not thrill again at the thought of some well-contested house match, when players and spectators alike lost themselves in the excitement of the game, and the shouts of the onlookers encouraged the opposing elevens through—

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,  
Bases attempted, and rescued and won?

And then, when the bell announces victory to one's own side, who would not again join in the mad rush up the steep hill to see the captain bring home the cup, emblem of "cock house," the most envied position of the whole year?

The football field, with its east winds, heavy mud, and cold winter skies, has a charm of its own, which to some minds is more inviting than the smooth warmth of the cricket ground on the west side of the hill.

Ducker lies just across the road, and therein swimming, diving, and racing of all kinds is practised. Every boy, unless he holds a medical certificate, is compelled to learn to swim, though the distance which qualifies for a pass is not great. On a hot holiday afternoon, boys lounge here for hours, sometimes in the water and sometimes wrapped in their large ducker towels lying on the warm pavement, eating the "tuck" they are careful to provide themselves with. Ducker is a purely artificial piece of water, and has grown, by several enlargements, from a rather muddy pool to its present noble dimensions. Our school songs, which touch on all aspects of Harrow life, a collection the like of which no other school can boast, and of which we have a right to be proud, do not leave Ducker out. Her praises are sung in classic language by one bard, and in verses that echo of water and cool breeze by another. It may be poetical license, or perhaps poetical imagination, to call her basin marble, but the poet has truth with him when he says—

There are bridges and platforms for diving,  
And corners for perching you up  
At ease, while your neighbour is striving  
In vain, for the cup.

In summer afternoons our steps are naturally bent to the other side of the hill, where the cricket grounds lie, and where, on half-holidays, King Willow asserts his supremacy. Great improvements have been made here of late years, but the ground, being on clay soil, must always remain difficult in comparison to others. The Sixth Form, or match, ground has been literally scooped out of the side of the hill, and gradually enlarged to its present dimensions. In 1883 a new and picturesque pavilion was erected on this ground, the place occupied by the old one being returfed, and seats for visitors arranged along it. The usual entrance to the ground is from West-street, a direct route from the Schoolyard, but there is a higher one from Byron Hill leading to it just behind the pavilion, and along this path were planted eleven elms, which have grown into fine trees now. The fall of one of them would be taken as an omen of dire misfortune to the Harrow eleven. Memories of Harrow cricketers cluster thickly about the ground, but here there is only space to mention a few of them. Though cricket has had its ups and downs, figuratively as well as literally, on the slopes of the hill, yet it is a point on which Harrow can pride herself that in the years 1842 and 1843, when the numbers in the school had sunk so low as eighty-seven, she yet sent to Lord's an eleven that defeated the elevens of Eton and Winchester in both years. There is one unique feature in these matches that must be mentioned—H. Gathorne, the Dark Blue slow bowler, bowled against both Eton and Winchester without once being taken off. It is said that Eton in these matches wore light-blue rosettes with their motto, "Floreat Etona," on them, which a patriotic Harrovian scholar promptly rendered as "Eton's flooded."

In earlier times, under Dr. George Butler, the Sixth Form game of 1823-4 contained no less than two future Archbishops—Archbishop Trench and Cardinal Manning; three

bishops—Terry, Charles Wordsworth, and Oxenden; and the present Dean of Ely—a combination it would be hard to match. But of all Harrow cricketers the "The two that I know but may not say," the famous pair, Lord Bessborough and the Hon. R. Grimston, have done most for their old school. In 1884 a fund was raised by many friends of the latter, and applied to improving and enlarging the cricket-grounds as the most fitting memorial that Harrow could offer to her old friend. The Philathletic Ground which lies across the road at the bottom of the Sixth Form ground, and over which Mr. Grimston, "the game's guardian," held undisputed sway, has benefited by this fund—new land has been bought and pavilions erected. Here the lower games take place, and it is in these games that Harrow's future cricketers make their mark, and are in due course promoted to the Sixth Form game, and finally attain the honour of representing the school at Lord's. It is in this field, too, that the "fifty" trees are planted—any member of the school eleven who has scored fifty in a school match has the privilege of planting a tree once in his school life to commemorate his score, and on "Founder's Day," in October, is held the ceremony of planting those trees gained in the preceding summer: there is now a long line of them, beginning from 1879. Cricket-bill, an institution of recent years, is also held on this ground. Before it was established, cricketers, like all other members of the school, had to appear in the Schoolyard to answer their names at the usual "four bill," which involved a stoppage of all cricket for half an hour or more during the best part of the afternoon. The present method of calling it takes about five minutes only. The boys are divided into groups of four, over each of which one boy—the "shepherd"—presides, and are stationed along one side of the Philathletic Ground. At the ringing of the bell, the billmaster hurries past the groups, receiving from each shepherd the number of absent sheep under his charge. On his reaching the last group, a second bell gives the signal that bill is over, and the shepherds then give in the names of the absentees. Schoolyard-bill is called, all the same, for non-cricketers and those boys who, at the beginning of the term, have not put down their names for cricket-bill. Another innovation of late years is the flannel cricket coat of dark blue, for which on summer afternoons all boys are allowed to discard the official tail-coat, which with the low straw hat still remains the distinctive school dress of Harrovians. "Stet fortuna domus!"—so runs the motto of Harrow School, and wherever Harrovians go they carry with them the memory of the leafy hill. Generation after generation comes and goes linked together by love of the old school, and hope of her continued prosperity. Their just pride in her past is equalled only by their faith in her future, while Harrow rests secure in the devotion and allegiance of her sons even till "Twenty or thirty or forty years on."

#### AN INDIAN CAMP OF EXERCISE.

Some of the Illustrations, from photographs by Army Surgeon A. E. Newland, of life with an Indian Native Regiment, in the large Camp of Exercise held in the last cool season at the Secunderabad station, in the Nizam's dominion of Hyderabad, appeared last week. We add two others, which represent, however, not the field-manceuvres executed by the troops, interesting and instructive as those were, including feigned attacks on convoys, the guarding of outposts, and marches, with tactical movements, performed by two opposed brigades of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, over an extensive tract of country, but merely the daily camp business of procuring supplies of water and grass for the horses. The work of grass-cutting was there done by native women; and the water, in bags of sewn-up skins, was carried by lanky bullocks of a peculiar breed, which are commonly used as beasts of burden in that district. These are the incidents shown in Surgeon Newland's photographs, which are reproduced in the Engravings presented this week.

At Harrow School, on July 3, the speeches were delivered by the scholars, and the prizes gained during the session were distributed, in presence of a numerous party of guests.

Mr. Stanley was entertained on July 3 by the Royal Geographical Society at a banquet given in the Grosvenor Gallery. The president, Sir Mountstuart S. Grant-Duff, occupied the chair, Mr. Stanley being on his right and Comte De Hübner being on his left-hand side. Some three hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner.

Sir Richard Paget, M.P., Chairman of the Somerset Quarter Sessions, has been presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Herkomer, R.A., on behalf of the county magistrates, in recognition of his services as Chairman for the past nineteen years. The Earl of Cork, Lord Lieutenant of the county, made the presentation.

The Mayor of Winchester and the Civic body have opened, for the use of the citizens, the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, a beautiful estate in the city, intersected by the river, and with many historic associations. It is said to be the site of the nunnery founded by the Queen of Alfred the Great, and destroyed by Henry VIII. The property was purchased by the Corporation for the public enjoyment.

The ninety-second anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was held on July 2 at Freemasons' Tavern. Lord George Hamilton, M.P., Past Grand Senior Warden, presided. About four hundred brethren sat down to the dinner. Mr. Binckes, the secretary, announced the list of subscriptions, which amounted to £9253. West Yorkshire contributed the largest provincial amount—namely, £800, London sent between £2000 and £3000, Kent £399, Somerset £380, West Lancashire £315, Essex £308, Stafford £305, Suffolk £259, Herts £240, Derbyshire £237, Cambridge £262, Sussex £200, Berks and Bucks £184, Shropshire £182, Dorset £181, and Notts £179.

The Examiners in the second public examination in the Honour School of Mathematics at Oxford University have issued the following class list: In the First Class are Harold W. Carjel, Exeter; Thomas P. Kent, Christ Church; Harold J. R. Murray, Balliol; Arthur C. Pedder, Magdalen; Denys E. Shorto, Exeter; Arthur Taylor, Corpus Christi; Albert E. Thomas, Merton; Stuart A. F. White, Wadham; James F. Young, Corpus Christi. In the Second Class: Oliver de C. Emtage, Worcester; Arthur G. Jones, Oriel; Hugh M. Lewis, University; Thomas Neale, Worcester; Francis F. Southby, Corpus Christi. In the Third Class: Lawrence M.K. Armstrong, Queen's; Arthur J. Chambers, Magdalen; George H. Elliott, Queen's; William L. Footman, Jesus; Arthur H. Maudson, Brasenose; Henry A. L. Rudd, Jesus. In the Fourth Class: Owen Davies, Jesus; Charles H. Gray, University; William E. K. Hare, Queen's.

#### TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Ninety-Six (from Jan. 4 to June 28, 1890) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

#### MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

*Nineteenth Century*.—"The African Bubble" is Sir John Pope Hennessy's pessimist view—he was Governor of the West Africa Settlements in 1872 and 1873, before the Ashantee War—of the inutility of European dominion in tropical Africa. He points out that not only the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French have been unable to make any impression on the negro race in their own country, but that English companies with Royal Charters, and with full administrative powers, in the time of Elizabeth, in the reign of Charles II., and in the last century, have attempted in vain to occupy and govern the lands visited by explorers and traders. In 1865 a Select Committee of the House of Commons, after hearing the evidence of Dr. Livingstone, Captain Burton, and missionaries, ex-Governors, and merchants, declared all further extension of territory, assumption of rule, or protectorate of native tribes to be inexpedient, and recommended our ultimate withdrawal from all, "except probably Sierra Leone." The negro race in Africa, thriving and multiplying with robust vitality in its own climate, where European immigrants languish and perish, has increased from fifty millions, in the last century, to a hundred and thirty millions; and Sir John Pope Hennessy, and we believe Sir Richard Burton also, thinks we can do nothing with them. But we are not at all convinced that this discouraging opinion is applicable to East Africa, where the negro race does not exist, the black men found in some parts being of an entirely different race, and large populations, from the Waganda and Wahuma down to the Zulus and Bechuanas, are nations of superior intelligence and capacity for instruction.

*Contemporary Review*.—By far the most urgent topic of discussion here is that terrible indictment which is brought forward, in a tone of stern and vehement indignation, and with an array of evidence that seems unanswerable, by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, on behalf of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, against the practice of insuring the lives of infants. Our national self-complacency, which is eminently Pharisaic, should be staggered by the disclosure of such vile and cruel wickedness, continually practised in England, scarcely ever punished, which seems confined to the most vicious and depraved of the English people, below those recognised as the proper labouring classes. It appears to be fostered, in the course of business, or tacitly connived at, by snug Agents of Life-Assurance Offices, with respectable managers and directors, who are said to profit by the system. We do not understand how it can be profitable to them, if they undertake, for a weekly payment of pence, to hand over £1 10s., or £2 10s., or £3, on the death of a child whose life is to be extinguished by starvation, chill, or some wilful neglect, in the course of a few months. Mr. Waugh says that this is done, habitually and regularly, in thousands of cases, by parents who have not the affection of beasts for their offspring, and that the collectors of insurance money know that it is done. We should have thought the insurance societies would lose by it. He remarks, however, that it attracts much custom, and that many of the policies lapse by not keeping up the premiums, so that the gain is more than the loss. It is a financial problem that could only be solved by a Government Inquiry, and strict inspection of the office accounts. Meantime, we hesitate to accept such fearful accusations, so far as the managers and servants of the offices are concerned; but we entirely agree with Mr. Waugh that the law ought absolutely to prohibit the insurance of children's lives for money. The only excuse for it is the burial expenses; and it might be permissible, as he suggests, to make weekly or monthly payments to the undertaker for the actual cost of a funeral. The Coroner in Whitechapel has ascertained that, of the children under ten years of age dying from neglect or having been treated cruelly, more than half brought in money to those who let them die. Other Coroners bear similar testimony. We know well that the fondest parental love, and the noblest generosity to those of other families poorer than themselves, may be found among the very poor, in town and country, more often than in the middle and upper classes. But we doubt not that there are many depraved men and women—English, never Irish—lazy, drunken sots, worse than bestial, the slaves of all coarse vice, who have no remorse in slowly murdering their own babes for the price of some weeks' foul indulgence. And Mr. Waugh is right in his contention that this peculiarly English crime, evidently favoured by the system of child-life insurance, ought to be stopped by the summary prohibition of that demoralising practice, just as restrictions on the insurance of ships have been demanded to prevent the owners from sending our sailors to sea in vessels intended to founder, reckless of the loss of life.

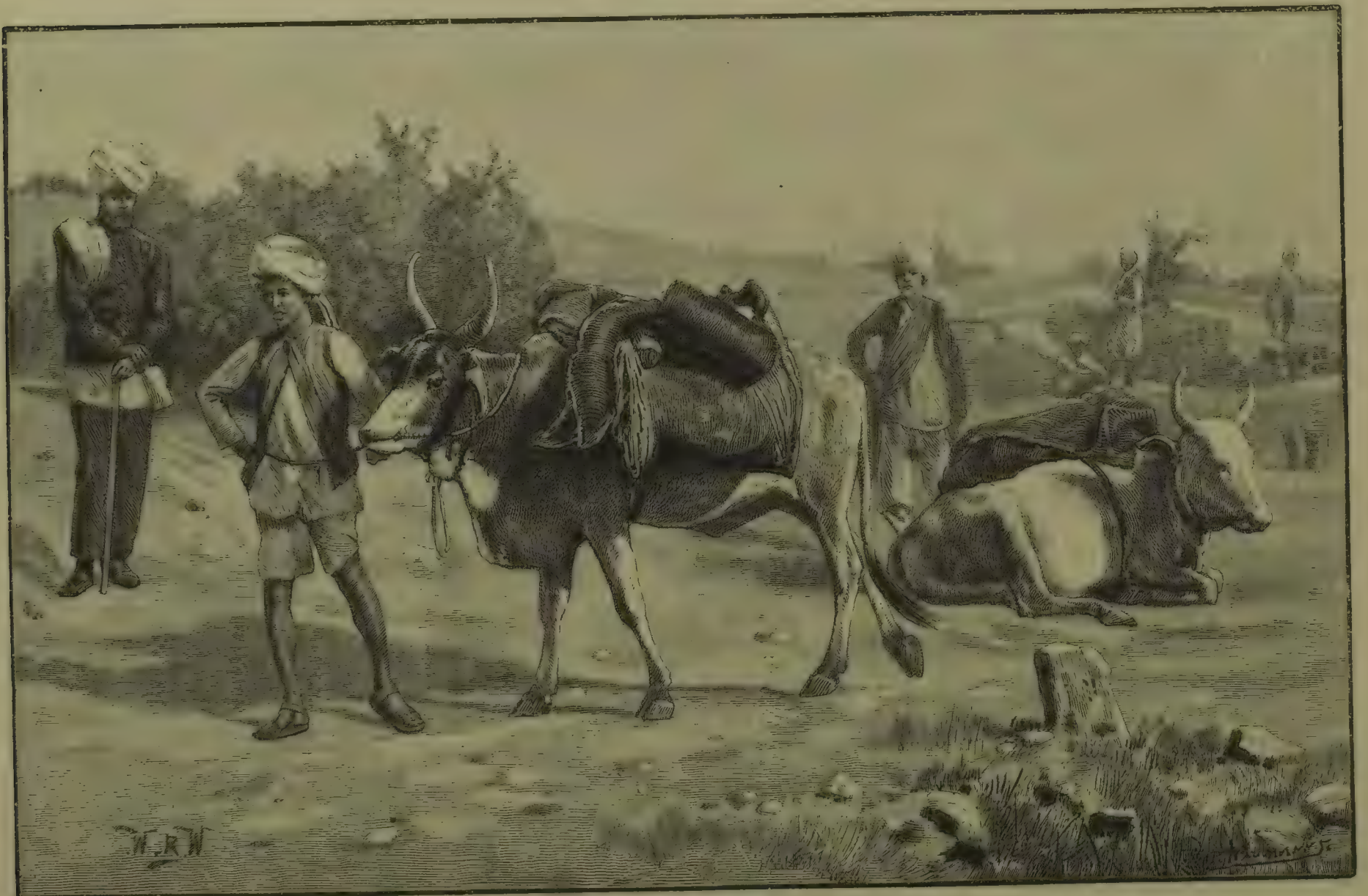
*Fortnightly Review*.—Africa just now engages so much of our thought and talk that we cannot complain of the abundant space devoted to it; and in Mr. J. Scott Keltie's accurate and impartial review of Stanley's last expedition, and in three articles, by Mr. H. H. Johnston, Commander V. L. Cameron, R.N., and Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P., taking different views of the territorial compact with Germany, there are valuable materials for an independent judgment. Our own opinion is substantially in accordance with that of Mr. Johnston, who is probably better acquainted with the native African races, all round, west and east, with the actual condition of the various European settlements and political, commercial, or missionary agencies, and with their past history and immediate prospects, than either of the two other writers. Commander Cameron, whose enterprising journey "Across Africa" preceded Mr. Stanley's descent of the Congo, is no great authority on the political considerations by which the action of our Foreign Office must be guided. We cannot think, with him, that England could have monopolised the whole dominion of Central Africa. But he is a gallant sailor, a brave traveller, a distinguished explorer, worthy to rank with Speke and Grant, and his single achievement was only less notable than that soon afterwards performed by Stanley. It is satisfactory that he, as well as Mr. Johnston, approves the recent arrangement with Germany; but his expectation that some parts of tropical Africa will prove suitable for British colonisation, in the way of emigration, absorbing any "appreciable portion of our surplus population," is utterly delusive. We are rather surprised to be told by a British naval officer, speaking of the climate, that "the most deadly portions of the African coasts are no worse than the majority of the West Indian islands." It is well known that the elevated and open lands around the great lakes have a healthy climate, and so have the uplands of Jamaica, which are far more easily accessible. As for Mr. E. W. Beckett's severe attack on Lord Salisbury's arrangement with the German Empire, it was confessedly written before the terms of that arrangement were made known; and it seems to have been written in a passion which has not subsided.

We are compelled, by want of space, to defer the notice of several articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *National Review*, the *Universal Review*, and other leading monthly periodicals for July.





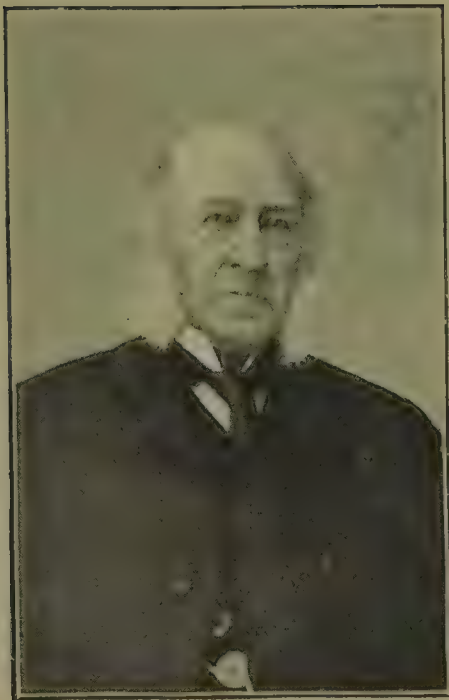
WOMEN CUTTING GRASS FOR HORSES.



WATER SUPPLY IN CAMP.

SKETCHES AT AN INDIAN CAMP OF EXERCISE.

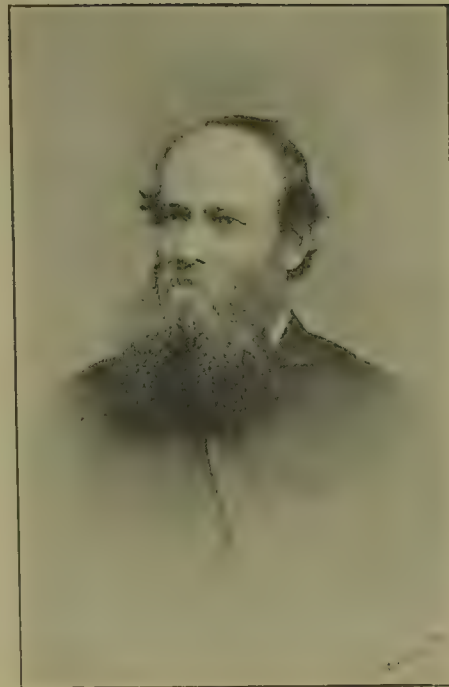




THE LATE MR. ROBERT LEEDS,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL COMPANY.



THE LATE SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B.



THE LATE MR. SODEN SMITH,  
KEEPER OF ART LIBRARY, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

#### THE LATE SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B.

On March 2, last year, when this veteran Poor Law, Civil Service, and Sanitary Reformer, one of the most industrious, sagacious, and useful public men of the nineteenth century, had set the excellent personal example of living to the ninetieth year of his age, being President of the Association of Sanitary Inspectors of Great Britain, he was entertained by them at a dinner, with their congratulations, also, upon his promotion by the Queen to the rank of Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Edwin Chadwick, who died on Saturday, July 5, at his residence at East Sheep, had been working for the public welfare more than sixty years, performing tasks of statistical inquiry, official administration, literary compilation, and studies of social and economic science, enough to fill three lives of ordinary men. We gave a brief account of his immense and various labours, in our publication of March 23, 1889, with the Portrait now reproduced, which was copied from a photograph by Messrs. Mayall and Co. The collection of his most permanently valuable writings, in two large volumes, edited by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., is a monument of practical intelligence applied to almost every department of social and administrative improvement, comprised in the phrase "condition of the people," which ought long to be

consulted by those ambitious of knowing the ways of doing good, especially by legislators and persons holding any general or local public office. Sir Edwin Chadwick, in so long a life, had well earned the thanks of his country, and leaves his country much better than he found it.

The question of supplying pianofortes in schools was again under discussion at the weekly meeting of the London School Board, on a motion by Mr. Helby to rescind a previous resolution in favour of such provision. By twenty-two votes to eighteen it was determined to adhere to the former decision, the number of pianos being limited to 150. The School Management Committee were directed to bring up a scheme with reference to the institution of swimming in the schools.

Princess Christian presided over a meeting convened by Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Mocatta, at 9, Connaught-place, W., in aid of the Convalescent and Holiday Fund for Nurses. The Rev. Morris Joseph moved the first resolution, which was in favour of the maintenance and support of the fund. The resolution was seconded by Miss Annesley Kenealy, who said that with £3500 a house at Brighton suitable for the purpose could be bought and furnished. The resolution was carried unanimously.

#### THE LATE MR. SODEN SMITH.

Mr. Robert Henry Soden Smith, keeper of the Art Library of the South Kensington Museum, who died on June 19, in his sixty-ninth year, was son of the late Captain Robert Smith, of Dirleton, county Haddington, of the 44th Regiment, Athlone Pursuivant of Arms. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For more than thirty years he held office at South Kensington, and the formation of the Art Library has been mainly his work. In addition to his knowledge of art and bibliography, he was well versed in natural history, and was an accomplished scholar.

#### THE LATE MR. ROBERT LEEDS.

This gentleman, who died in his seventy-ninth year, at Norwich, on June 27, was an eminent agriculturist, formerly renting a large farm at Holkham, for many years, under the late and present Lord Leicester. In 1862 he assisted in forming the company which built the Agricultural Hall at Islington, and was appointed chairman. The Smithfield Club recently elected him vice-president. He was also one of the oldest members of the Farmers' Club, and of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.



PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES TO NURSES BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



## THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND NURSES.

In the gardens of Marlborough House, on Friday, July 4, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, President of the National Pension Fund for Nurses, presented the certificates of membership to about seven hundred and fifty nurses, coming from nearly a hundred and fifty hospitals, infirmaries, asylums, nursing and other institutions, with some working on their own account as private nurses. The Pension Fund, which was founded in 1837 by the efforts of Mr. Henry C. Burdett, and has been endowed by munificent donations from Lord Rothschild, Mr. H. H. Gibbs, Mr. Junius S. Morgan, Mr. E. A. Hambro, and others, to the amount of £26,000, has obvious claims to support. It was arranged that the first thousand nurses who joined it should receive certificates entitling them specially to the bonuses derived from a portion of £5000 invested at compound interest for their exclusive benefit; and the business of the day was to give these certificates to all such nurses who attended on this occasion. Many of them brought purses, with money they had collected, towards a fund for the benefit of poorer nurses, established in memory of the late Mr. Junius Morgan; these were laid on a table beside the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by her husband, the Prince of Wales, her elder son, the Duke of Clarence, and two of her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, performed the graceful ceremony with her characteristic charm of presence and manner. The Prince of Wales, having read an address to the nurses stating and explaining the business in hand, was followed by Mr. Walter Burns, Chairman of the Managing Council of the Fund, and son-in-law to the late Mr. Morgan, thanking their Royal Highnesses for this kindly act. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present.

## AN OLD GARDEN.

The scent of honeysuckle comes through the open windows; pink blossoms of the Judas-tree are borne through by the breeze; the grey-lichened boughs are swaying and curtsying, rocked to and fro by the wind. Outside, green paths stray through the old garden, bordered by many a rare flower, such as the hearts of our grandmothers loved for their far-famed *pot-pourri*. Delicate lavender bushes, dark-leaved camellia, pink-flowered sweet-briar, perfumed mignonette, elegant tiger-lilies, copper-coloured roses dispute the palm with each other.

By the side of the grass walks tall iris linger, of every conceivable hue, from white to lavender, orange to golden: such is the tale of June. The grey-lichened walls are wreathed with wisteria, whose purple racemes hang in festoons; scarlet japonica interweaves its blossoms; cream roses nod in the wind. Here and there grow clumps of starry syringa, white-flowering yuccas, red azaleas; the humming of bees and the singing of birds making music in the old garden. Blue-spiked camassia is still in luxuriance, also tall red fumitory; yellow lilies cluster in profusion; white myrtle strews the ground with its petals.

Overarching boughs, from time to time, make veritable green arbours; the very artificial ponds of the demesne have in course of time grown "natural." On them, float huge round lily leaves, their undersurface blown over by the wind; through and among them the pink willow-herb has thrust up long spikes of bloom. Osmunda fern towers here in its strength, having found a home that suits it; marsh-flags with grey-green foliage are starred and brightened by blossoms.

The pink blossoms of the old Judas-tree have blown as far as the pond, and float on its surface like miniature shell canoes, prepared for the fairies. Sometimes a blue butterfly hovers over the surface; or a green dragonfly darts past—iridescent; a robin comes down to wash unmolested, a water-vole to play among the roots. Close to the pond, where the ground is yet swampy, all kinds of water-plants luxuriate: purple "man's life," blue-trumpeted gentian, lilies of twenty different kinds. Here and there tree-stumps are clothed with climbers, clematis, cream *Devoniensis*; sometimes by the old everlasting pea in pink, white, red, purple. Scented briars, from terracotta to golden, grow in the crevices of the wall, variegated-leaved peony and larkspur are massed thickly below. Starry potentillas, in crimsons and oranges, make a good foreground, with many an old-world flower, fragrant with perfume.

Large-spreading bushes of lemon-scented verberna make a background for the pitcher-plants, which are just lifting their delicate heads, soon to die down again. Sweet alyssum, massing stonecrops, make quite a dense undergrowth: the only kind of geranium here admitted is the old fringed and scented. Hard by, a magnolia-tree, in glossy foliage, is showing its long white buds; a tulip-tree, with dainty leaves, is giving forth sweet perfume.

The rose-garden, the glory of the summer, is just now radiant with blossom: here are the sweet old damask rose, the cabbage rose, and *Gloire de Dijon*. Rose d'Amour is covered with pink buds, and the smallest of small roses: long since it has disappeared from the modern "carpet" garden.

In old-world times the "Pleasure" had a charm all its own: our grandmothers' own hands tended and trained all these things. We associate them, perhaps, with silver hairs and white kerchiefs, with a sweet face, with knitting-needles, and—the last century. Soon these quaint resting-places will have given way before bricks and mortar: at very rare intervals shall we find the "Pleasure." E. K. P.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has completed a new portrait of Lord Tennyson, uniform in size with the other portraits of eminent men belonging to the "Little Holland House Gallery."

Mr. Ernest Benzon has been under examination in the Bankruptcy Court, and states that when he came of age he owed £70,000 for debts incurred during his minority; this he paid out of the £250,000 which he had coming to him, and the remainder he had lost in the course of two years in gambling, betting, racing, and pigeon-shooting. The examination was adjourned.

The Merchant Taylors' Company, on July 3, placed their Hall at the disposal of the Council of the National Pension Fund for Nurses, who held there a very largely attended reception, the guests being principally nurses. The chief object of the fund is to afford nurses an absolutely safe means of providing, at the lowest possible cost to themselves, an allowance during incapacity for work through sickness or accident, and a certain income for their declining years. This object is carried out by the investment of such sums as those who join can afford, by adding to the pensions all the profits arising from any source, and by supplementing those sums with a bonus fund, created and maintained by those interested in nurses and nursing institutions. Already 1167 policies have been issued, and the invested funds amount to over £63,000. During the evening a meeting was held, over which Mr. Henry C. Burdett, Deputy Chairman of the Council, presided, and an address was delivered by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, on the advantages of the fund. A concert and entertainment followed.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. W. (Croydon).—If Black play 1. R to K Kt sq, White replies with 2. P becomes Kt (double ch and mate).

C. F. H. (Wandsworth).—See answer to G. W. above.

V. BARRETT.—The amended problem will receive due consideration.

W. BIDDLE.—Your last three-mover can be solved by 1. B P takes P, K to B 4th; 2. Q to B sq (ch), &c. The idea is good, and, if you can cure it neatly, send it again for further examination.

H. P. L. MEYER.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2405 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore Province); of No. 2406 from P. A. Hill; of No. 2407 from P. A. Hill and Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2408 from James Clark (Chester) and Captain J. A. Challice; of No. 2409 from W. H. Reed (Liverpool); of No. 2410 from B. D. Knox, E. G. Boys, W. H. Reed, R. Tidmarsh, H. Chown, T. E. Metcalf, and J. Milner; of No. 2411 from W. Waterfield (Plymouth), A. H. B. W. H. Reed, C. E. Perugini, Dr. F. St. N. G. Tubb, E. Goodwin, F. S. Bishop, E. G. Boys, L. Desanges (Venice), R. Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Tortobes, Captain J. A. Challice, and R. Lines (Chatham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2412 received from W. R. Rallem, R. Worters (Canterbury), Dr. F. St. C. E. Perugini, Shadforth, E. H. T. Roberts, E. Casella (Paris), J. Milner, A. Newman, W. H. Reed, C. M. A. B. Alpha, Dawn, J. Coad, Jupiter Junior, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. S. Cocks, R. H. Brooks, Columbus, L. T. Maffa, T. N. Smalley, Hereford, D. Jackson (Chapman), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. Vincent, Julia Short (Exeter), Penrhyn, J. Hall, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. Gwinner, J. Plant jun. (Bosdon), C. L. Smith (Shrewsbury), W. B. Dalby (Bishop's Stortford), F. S. Bishop, E. Loudon, B. D. Knox, N. Harris, W. Wright, M. Burke, and F. B.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2410.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

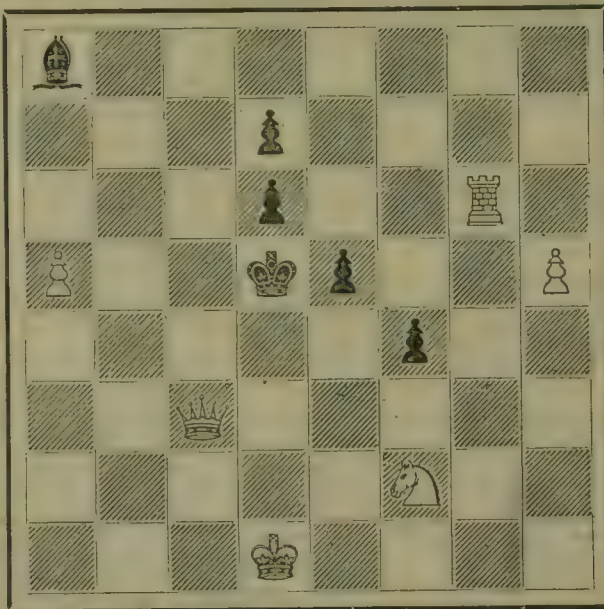
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 7th K to Kt 4th  
2. Kt to K 4th (ch) K to Kt 5th  
3. Kt to K 5th. Mate

If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, then 2. P to Q 5th (ch); if 1. P to B 6th, then 2. Q to R 6th and if 1. P to R 5th, then 2. P to Kt 4th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2414.

By JAMES RAYNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. GRABILL and HANNA at Washington.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	A clever little snare, into which White sets his foot.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	15. Kt to B 7th (ch)	R takes Kt
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes P	16. Q takes R	B takes Kt
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. P takes B	Q to R 5th
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P to B 4th	
7. Castles	B to K 2nd	If R to K sq, Q takes R P; 19. K to B sq, Q to R 4th (ch); 20. K to K 2nd, Kt takes P (ch); 21. K to Q 3rd, Q takes R, &c.	
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th	18. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	
9. Kt to K 5th	Castles	19. K to R sq	Q to B 6th (ch)
He cannot win a Pawn here by Kt takes Q P, as White would regain it by Q to R 5th (ch).		20. K to R sq	Kt takes P
10. P to Q B 4th	B to K 3rd	21. R to K sq	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
If Kt takes Q P, 11. P takes P and Queen dare not take P.		22. K to R sq	
11. P takes P	B takes P	If 22. K to B sq, Black mates in three.	
12. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	22. Q to B 6th (ch)	
13. B takes Kt	B takes B	and White resigns.	

We understand satisfactory arrangements have been made between the Manchester Chess Club and the British Chess Association for holding a Masters' Tournament open to the world some time during August. The date will be fixed to suit, as far as practicable, the convenience of foreign competitors, and the place of play will, of course, be Manchester. The prizes will be offered as follows: First prize, £80; second, £60; third, £50; fourth, £40; fifth, £30; and sixth, £20.

The portrait and biographical sketch in the *Chess Monthly* for June is that of Louis Paulsen, whose achievements in chess have been among the most noteworthy on record. No name has had a more widespread reputation, whether as a player or as an analyst, and his exhibitions of blindfold play almost surpass those of Mr. Blackburne in quantity if not in quality. He was the first to excel Philidor's feat of playing three simultaneous games blindfold, and ultimately rose to fifteen—an undertaking only surpassed once by Mr. Zukertort. Herr Paulsen's special claim to distinction is that he is not a professional, but simply an amateur, whose favourite pastime is the game in which he has made himself famous.

*Chess Problems: Their Composition and Solutions.* By James Rayner. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—This is another effort to explain to the uninitiated "how it is done." How far its object can be attained is difficult for a critic to say, but there are many interesting features in the work itself which should commend it to more advanced students. There is a very fair analysis of the art of problem-construction, and the hints, coming from such a competent source, may be profitably perused even by experts. An excellent selection of problems completes a book which, for matter and style, reflects the greatest credit on both author and publisher. Its price, too, being the ever-popular shilling, brings it within reach of the many, and should secure for it a large circulation. We publish above a problem of the author's, taken from the work itself.

The *Bristol Mercury* announces a series of prizes to the value of £20 for problem and solution tournaments. The divisions are numerous and the rewards many; but full particulars may be obtained on application to the Chess Editor, *Bristol Mercury* office, Bristol. In the competitions just concluded, Mr. G. Heathcote takes first prize for both two and three movers.

The Spring Tournament of the City of London Chess Club is now over, and the prize-winners are: Mr. E. Hamburger, Mr. J. E. Manlove, Mr. A. E. Tietjens, Mr. W. T. Marshall, Mr. W. H. Latham, and Mr. A. Curnock.

The annual soirée of the Royal Academy of Arts was attended by a very large and distinguished company. The guests were received by the President (Sir Frederick Leighton).

A meeting of the Council of the National Rifle Association has been held to make the final arrangements for the Bisley Prize Meeting. The firing for the Queen's Prize will begin on July 15, and be continued on the two following days. It will be resumed on the 19th, and conclude on the 22nd. All the officers for range and other duty have been appointed.

Mr. Samuel Harris has presented a new church, called the Church of the Martyrs, to Leicester. It is situated on the west side of the river, and is designed by Mr. Christian. Mr. Harris has given the site and church complete. There will be accommodation for 700 persons. The cost is over £10,000. The brother of the donor, the Rev. Joseph Harris, has given several thousand pounds for the endowment of the church, which is now in course of construction, and will very shortly be opened.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## "THE KING OF FISHES."

This morning, a walk through the woods will give us an appetite for breakfast, and start us fairly, perchance, on the spending of at least one holiday. I can promise you a fair prospect in so far as the walk itself is concerned, with something interesting at the end of our stroll. The woods this morning are redolent of balsamic odours, for which we have to thank the tall pines and first that, like sable mourners draped in plumes, flank the pathway for half a mile or more. Every leaf glistens with the jewels of the dew, and these "top lights," as an artist-friend calls them, which the sunlight throws down from above, and from among the thick mass of overhanging foliage, make the vista before us seem almost interminable—such is the marvellous effect of light and shade cunningly interspersed. The bracken forms the undergrowth of the woods, and gives covert and concealment to the hosts of rabbits that swarm in the plantations around. Beyond the edge of the wood, parallel to the pathway we are treading, lies the frith. You note this arm of the sea, appearing in all sorts of odd corners and ways, as you ramble through the fine old woods. Now and then, through some sudden crevice or break in the screen formed by leaf and stem, you may perceive the fair coast on the other side of the sea, lying bathed in sunlight. An open stretch beyond shows us a beautiful sandy patch of beach, and round the cliff there is another mile or two of sand. Nestling almost under the cliff is a solid, well-built cottage. Rows of stakes run out into the sea from the beach, and these bear a net which twice or thrice expands into pockets as the stakes depart from the straight line and assume a semicircular form. Piles of stakes are stacked at the door of the cottage, nets hang about in profusion, and a coble or flat-bottomed punt (with a prow) is drawn up on the beach close to the shelly margin which marks the highest lap of the tide. Long-shaped baskets made with strong osiers are packed and ready to be carted off to the nearest town. The baskets are stuffed apparently with the bracken fern that grows so profusely around; but a tail, sticking out beyond the fern-packing here and there, reveals the fact that the king of fishes is being sent off to the town, and that we are beholding the scene of his capture and of his ensnaring by the arts of man from his native depths.

The salmon fishery before us is an old institution. Capture here, smacks of the conventional. There is no play with rod and line, no hour or two of humouring your fish, of tiring him out, and of finally landing him triumphantly on the sward by aid of the lethal "cleek." Not in vain, however, do our sunburnt friends, the fishers, spread their nets out into the sea. Stake-nets and drift-nets capture the silvery fishes readily enough; and it would be difficult to say how many pounds' weight of salmon may be carried off to the city in a single day, after a big haul. Be that as it may, one thing is certain—that the salmon is, of all our British fishes, the most notable, whether we regard it in its zoological or in its purely social phases. True, the herring runs the salmon very close indeed as a competitor for public favour. I have heard people, years after the event, recall to remembrance the flavour of the Loch Fyne herrings they had served up to breakfast on board the floating palaces owned by Mr. MacBrayne of Clyde and Oban fame. Doubtless one may tire very readily of salmon, for it is an oily fish withal; but it is certainly agreeable enough while the taste for it lasts, although your herring is always welcome, and, properly cooked—that is, split open and not fried whole—cannot possibly be excelled by any fish that swims. However, these are desultory thoughts, and we will own the salmon the sovereign of the finny races, if you will. Like most royal personages, the salmon has a history; and it is astonishing that so little is popularly known of the fish and its biography. True, that history was for long a most debatable matter. The genealogy of the fish was by no means perfectly understood until within relatively recent years, owing chiefly to certain peculiarities which mark the manner of its becoming, and which characterise the fashion in which it spends the days of its youth.

From a tiny egg the salmon springs, like every other living animal of any respectability as regards rank in the living series. Laid in a kind of trench or furrow made in the gravel of the upper reaches of the rivers by the mother-fishes, the eggs are duly fertilised by the males, and then, covered up by the parents with gravel, the eggs undergo their preliminary stages of development. The spawning goes on in the late autumn and winter months, and may therefore be said to begin about the month of September, and to end about January. Each river shows its own peculiarities, however, as regards the spawning season; but after a period, varying in duration from seventy to ninety, or even a hundred and twenty days or more, the young salmon fry hatch out, and appear as active little fishes, each with the yolk-sac of the egg still in process of absorption. A few weeks, however, see a marked change occur to the young salmon. It is then about an inch in length, its sides become marked by dark bands of very distinctive kind, and it is known to naturalists and fishers as the *parr*. Long ago, there raged a hot controversy over the question "Are parr the young of salmon?" Thanks to that actual observation which solves so many problems, and which would save so much discussion if it were only more frequently practised, this question can be affirmatively answered. Parr are salmon in the days of their infancy. Now, however, comes a striking fact in salmon-history. The next change which the youthful fish undergoes is that of leaving off its parr-dress, and appearing in the guise of the *smolt*. We now know that some of the parr don their smolt guise between thirteen and fifteen months after they are hatched; while others, and by far the greater proportion of the parr, do not become smolts until twenty-six months after they leave the egg.

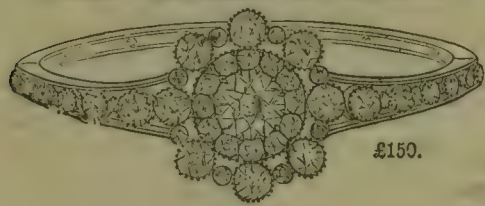
Once having donned the smolt-dress, the salmon, now in the days of its youth, seeks the sea. Up to this period it has been a freshwater dweller. Between March and June the smolts hurry to the ocean. There we lose sight of them for a few months; but, when they reappear, we find that, as we say of our friends and neighbours, their trip to the sea has worked wonders. They went to the sea, smolts, trifling in size; they return as grilse, weighing, it may be, four or five pounds, having, through the luxurious feeding they have enjoyed in the ocean, become young salmon, able to produce eggs. For this purpose, indeed, the grilse has returned to its river, and many fishers hold that it never returns to any river save that which gave it birth. This, indeed, was Frank Buckland's own opinion; but one may venture to think that the returning grilse or salmon, while, as a rule, entering its native river, does not invariably choose its original waters. After spawning, the grilse goes back to the sea in the winter or spring, and, on its next visit to the river, appears before us as the salmon. Year by year it will increase in size, until it may attain the dimensions of the "forty-pounder" you heard the fishermen speak of the other day. Salmon have been caught weighing seventy pounds; but this was, no doubt, a giant of its tribe, such as we seldom see. ANDREW WILSON.



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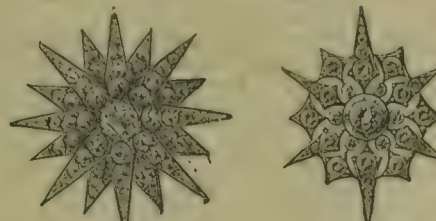
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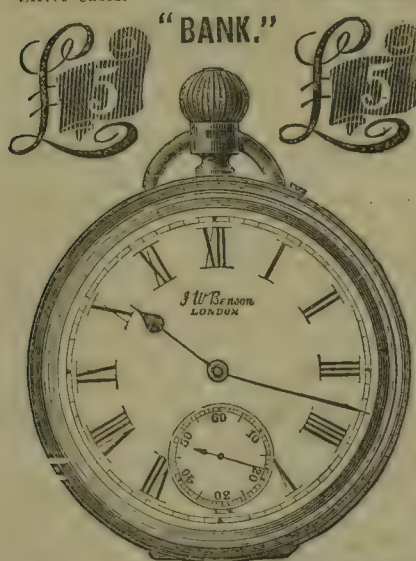
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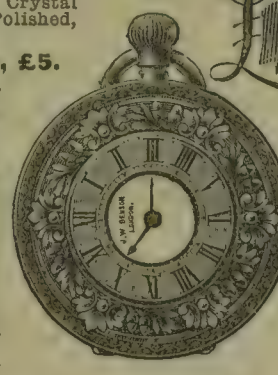
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## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Augustus Harris's season (his third occupancy of Covent-Garden Theatre) is approaching its termination.

Since our last record, several operas recently given have been repeated—"Le Prophète," "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Il Trovatore," "Die Meistersinger," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Les Huguenots," "Lohengrin," and "Don Giovanni" having been given again. July 10 was fixed for the production of Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda"—originally brought out by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1883—and now reproduced by Mr. Harris with an adapted French text. Of this, of course, we cannot speak until hereafter.

The grand festival performance, in Westminster Abbey, of a selection from the works of Handel, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, on July 10, must be commented on in our next issue.

The Welsh concert given at St. James's Hall, in aid of the Morfa Colliery Explosion Fund, could before only be briefly mentioned. The fresh voices and well-trained performances of Welsh choristers have in former instances been subjects for our commendation. On the occasion now referred to a choir of Welsh ladies again proved the possession of bright and tuneful voices, and the results of good musical training. Herr Roeckel's cantata "Westward Ho" and other pieces (some in the Welsh language) were given with great effect, Mrs. Clara Novello Davies having been the conductor. Twenty Welsh pianists, performing on ten pianofortes, played Mr. Coenen's

"Caprice Concertante," and several vocal soloists of the same nationality contributed to the programme.

The summer season of the excellent Richter Concerts is near its close, eight of the nine performances having taken place. The programme of the eighth concert consisted entirely of music of the so-called "advanced" school. Wagner's works supplied the "Faust" overture, a selection from the "Nibelungen" opera-dramas, and a scene from "Die Meistersinger." The programme included Liszt's ballade "Loreley" (a strong contrast to the "Loreley" music of Mendelssohn), and the selection closed with Dvorák's fourth symphony, an orchestral work that presents the contemporary school in a more favourable aspect than the music previously specified. The symphony was announced for the first time at the Richter Concerts, but had been before noticed by us in reference to its performance elsewhere. The only other item by a living composer was Mr. Henschel's duet "Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream!" in the rendering of which the composer's name was associated with that of Mr. A. Black; Liszt's ballade having been assigned to Mrs. Henschel, and the selection from "Die Meistersinger" to the lady and her husband.

The Guildhall School of Music has instituted occasional recitals by professors of the establishment upon the subjects of their professorships. Mr. H. Waud recently gave an interesting recital on the double-bass—an instrument not extensively cultivated by amateurs, but of very great importance in the constitution of an orchestra. Mr. Waud displayed great skill in his execution of some variations of his own, and in other pieces. An orchestral concert, subsequently given by

students of the same institution, proved the progress made in that department of musical study.

Mr. Bonawitz's choral and orchestral society gave its first concert at Princes' Hall on July 5. The gentleman just named has for some time been known in London as a pianist of high technical skill, and in recent years has manifested himself as a composer of merit, especially by an opera and a "Requiem." At the concert now referred to he produced a new "Stabat Mater," a very scholarly and effective composition. Other features, including pianoforte performances by M. Bonawitz, were comprised in the programme.

Mr. De Lara's recent concert displayed him as a composer of a more ambitious cast than was previously apparent in the drawing-room songs by which he has hitherto made himself known. On the occasion now referred to he introduced fragments from his new oratorio, "The Light of Asia," in which he has made use of Sir Edwin Arnold's poem. The extracts given are pleasing if not powerful, but are not sufficient to warrant an opinion on the oratorio as a whole. The concert also included some pieces from Signor Mancinelli's "Isaias," which oratorio was noticed by us on its production in its entirety. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

The competitions for the Rutson Memorial Prizes by contraltos and baritones were held at the Royal Academy of Music on July 4. There were twelve candidates, the successful ones being Miss Greta Williams and David Hughes. These prizes have been instituted especially for the encouragement of "clearness of enunciation of words and steadiness of intonation in singing."

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For Wills and Bequests, see page 58.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 29, 1885), with five codicils (dated Nov. 23, 1887; Jan. 22 and November, 1889; and March 10 and 29, 1890), of Mr. William Edwards Hirst, J.P., late of Lascelles Hall, near Huddersfield, who died on April 20 last, was proved on June 19 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Hannah Hirst, the widow, and Samuel Hirst, Ernest William Hirst, and Edward Theodore Hirst, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his pictures (except three, which she is to have for life only, and are then to go to his son Samuel), plate, books, wines, furniture, household goods, horses and carriages, to his wife; £20,000 each to his sons Samuel and Ernest William; £18,000 to his son Edward Theodore; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Blanche Miriam; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his sons Francis Joseph and Philip Leslie; and an annuity of £50 to Marion Whitworth. A fund is to be set aside to produce £1500 per annum, which is to be paid to his wife, for life, and at her death power is given to her to appoint £20,000 of the capital among children. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves to his three sons Samuel, Ernest William, and Edward Theodore.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1876), with a codicil (dated Feb. 13, 1882), of Mr. John Francis Buller, J.P., late of Morval, Cornwall, who died on April 19 last, at Plymouth, was proved at the Bodmin District Registry on June 9 by Henry Hawkins Tremayne, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £59,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, upon trust, for his cousin, William Templer Buller, for life, and then for his children. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his sisters, Frances Ann Carew, Mary Isabella Lady Duckworth, Charlotte Jane Tremayne, and the children of his late sister, Harriet Eliza Kitson, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 2, 1890) of Baron Henry de Barreto, J.P., D.L., F.R.S.L., Knight Grand Cross Charles III. of Spain, Knight of the Order Militaire of Christo of Portugal, late of Brandon Park (Suffolk), Northcomb Hall (Devon), The Elms (Rottingdean), Sleddale Forest (Westmoreland), and Berkeley House (Hyde Park-square), who died on May 17 last, was proved on June 27 by Baroness Katharine de Barreto, the widow, and Baron Henry Edward Ernest Victor de Barreto, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths his watches, wines, horses, carriages, and £500 to his wife; his household furniture, plate, &c., to his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow and reside in England for six months in every year; and two or three other legacies. He states that, on his death, his eldest son, Henry Edward Ernest Victor, will inherit large estates under the will of his uncle. He specifically devises numerous estates and all the residue of his manors and estates, including the freehold property directed to be purchased with the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, as to one moiety, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow and reside in England for six months in every year, and then for his two children, Arthur Harold Antonio and Carola Albertha Isabel Katherine, for their respective lives, and then for their children; and the second moiety is to be held, upon the like trusts, for his said two children.

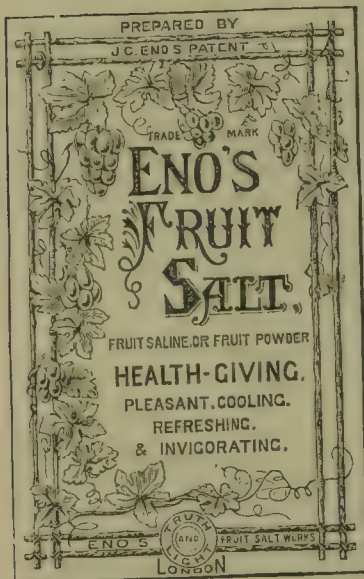
The will (dated July 17, 1885), with a codicil (dated Dec. 22, 1887), of Mr. John William Walmsley, J.P., late of Mount Cottage, Whalley-road, Accrington, Lancashire, leather currier and merchant, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on June 16 by James Walmsley, the son, and John Henry Bailey, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to each of his daughters, Maria Byrom and Isabel Essie Maud, if they shall attain twenty-two, and a further sum of £1500, upon trust, for each of them; £1500, upon trust, for each of his

four sons, James, Arthur, John William, and Frederick Shurrock; and legacies to his executors. He gives discretionary power to his trustees to carry on his business of a leather currier until his youngest son attains twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said four sons.

The will, as contained in papers A and B (dated June 10, 1886), with a codicil (dated Nov. 26 following), of Miss Maria Bridge, late of 78, Eaton-square, who died on May 12 last, was proved on June 25 by Arthur Woolfey Bridge, the nephew, and Sir John Bridge, Knt., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testatrix gives £30 each to the Consumption Hospital (Brompton), the Cancer Hospital, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), St. Peter's Home (Kilburn), and the Sailors' Orphan Girls' Home (Hampstead); her half-share in 78, Eaton-square, and her estate and interest in West House and lands, Piddletrenthide, Dorsetshire, to her nephew, the said Arthur Woolfey Bridge; and numerous specific and pecuniary legacies to her nephew, nieces, and other relatives, trustees, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her said nephew and her nieces Ada Louisa Bridge, Fanny Maria Bridge, and Alice Bridge Barker.

The will (dated March 27, 1890) of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hamilton Gordon, K.C.B., J.P., late of 34, Lennox-gardens, who died on May 19 last, was proved on June 30 by the Hon. Dame Caroline Emilia Mary Hamilton Gordon, the widow, and Captain Alexander Hamilton Gordon, the son, the executors, the value of the personal amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator leaves his ornaments, plate, furniture, and household effects to his wife, and, for life, his interest in 34, Lennox-gardens. The residue of his personal estate, including any property he has power of appointment over, he leaves to his children in such manner that the share of each son shall be double the share of each daughter; and the

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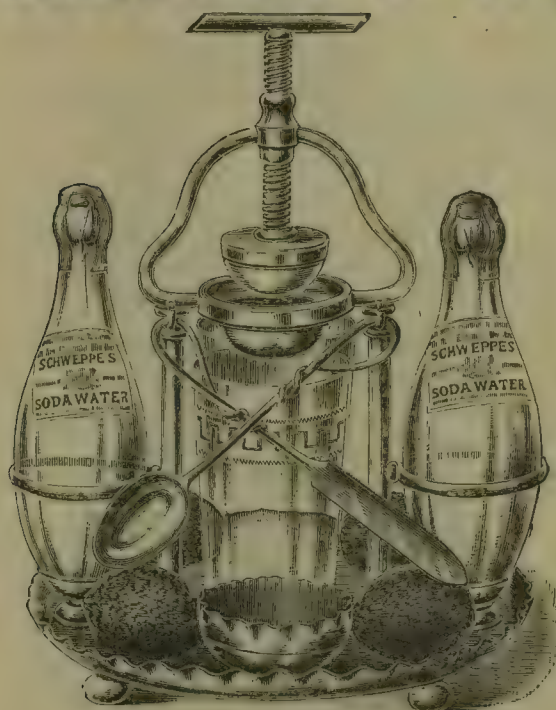
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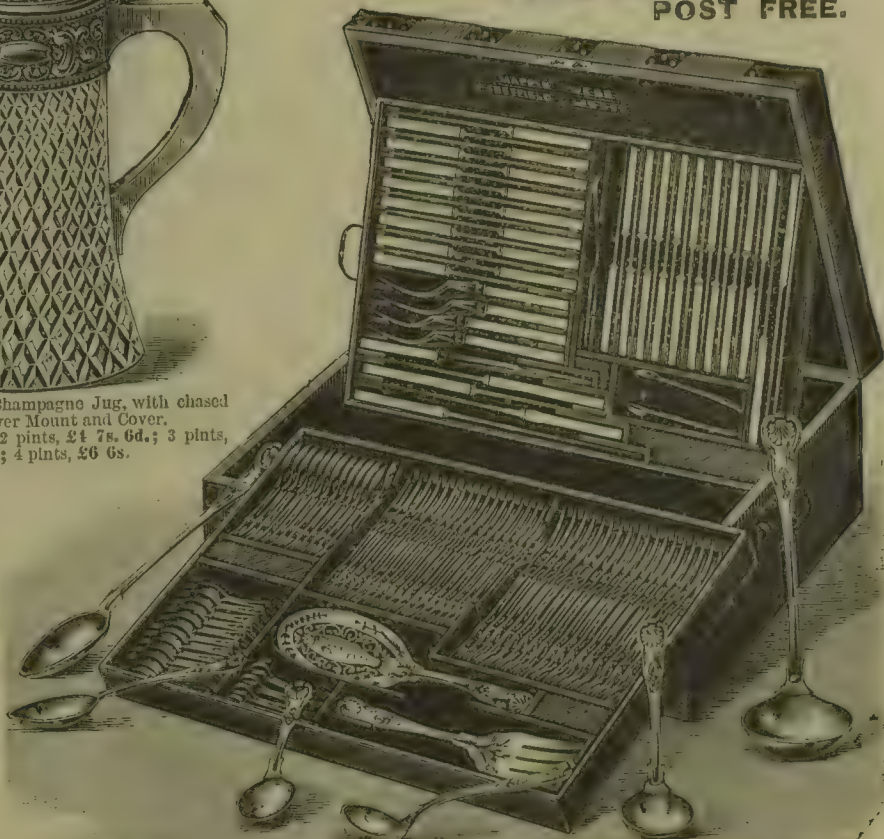
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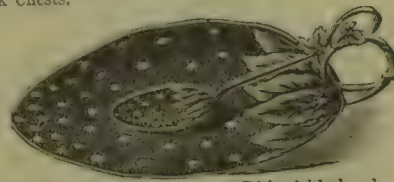


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daughters' shares are settled on them. Certain amounts already settled on his children are to be brought into hotchpot.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the general disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 2, 1869) of Mr. Arthur Hooton Houldsworth, of Springfield House, Polton, Midlothian, who died on March 17 last, granted to Miss Margaret Marshall Houldsworth, the sister, and Walter James Houldsworth, the brother, the executors-nominate, was sealed in London on June 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £31,000.

The will (dated March 14, 1888) of Mrs. Lydia Augusta Allen, formerly of Longford, near Taunton, afterwards of Bath, and late of 3, Elm Park-gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 5 last, was proved on June 26 by Captain Charles Jefferys Watson Allen, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths her furniture, plate, pictures, books, and ornaments to her daughter, Mrs. Augusta Etheldreda Allen, and makes up the provision for her and her children, with what has been appointed to and bequeathed to her by her father, to £25,000. Certain lands in the county of Somerset she leaves to her grandson, John Gilbert Arthur Allen; and the residue of her property, real and personal, to her sons, Charles Jefferys Watson, Hunter Bird, and James Henry.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1875), with a codicil (dated Aug. 20, 1878) of Mr. John Barnett, the musical composer, late of Cotteswold, Leckhampton, Gloucestershire, who died on April 17 last, was proved on June 30 by Mrs. Eliza Emily

Barnett, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator states that one half of the freehold house Cotteswold, with land and cottages, belongs to his son, Domenico Dragonetti Joseph, he having paid half the purchase money, and he now leaves his interest therein to his wife, for life, and then to all his children, except his said son. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children. In directing his funeral to be conducted privately, and at as little cost as possible, he says, "Fine funerals are nonsensical and expensive pieces of vanity, and the only benefits arising from them are derived by the undertaker and his assistants."

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1890) of Mr. Horatio Edwin Emberlin, J.P., late of Oadby, Leicestershire, who died on March 29 last, was proved at the Leicester District Registry on June 14 by Mrs. Ann Emberlin, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Leicester Infirmary and the Leicester Conservative Club; £3,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, as to £1,000, for each of his nephews and niece—Arthur William Emberlin, Thomas Edwin Emberlin, and Louisa Neale; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the trust disposition and settlement (executed Jan. 29, 1880) of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., of Inverquhar, residing at Baldovan House, near Dundee, who died on March 29 last, at Archfield, East Lothian, granted to Sir Reginald

Howard Alexander Ogilvy, Bart., Henry Thomas Nisbet Hamilton Ogilvy, and the Rev. Charles William Norman Ogilvy, the sons, the executors-nominate, was sealed in London on June 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £9,000.

Her Majesty's ship Blenheim, an armoured vessel, which is expected to prove the finest, most powerful, and fastest cruiser afloat, was launched on July 5 from the yard of the Thames Ironworks at Blackwall.

The drawing-room meeting at Mrs. W. H. Smith's in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund (No. 10, Buckingham-street, Strand) proved a great success. The pecuniary result was over £270.

Mr. Raikes, Postmaster-General, was entertained at breakfast in Exeter Hall, on July 3, by the postmasters and post-mistresses of the United Kingdom, in celebration of the Postal Jubilee. The right hon. gentleman extolled the services of those whom he was addressing, and assured them that their indispensable work was recognised and appreciated not only by the State officials but by the public whom they served.

At the International Conference upon Fisheries, held at Fishmongers' Hall, a resolution was passed that an official conference of the European maritime Powers should be held, with the view of concluding a convention for the prohibition of the landing and sale of undersized flat fish within their respective jurisdictions. It was also decided to ask the several nations interested to collect information on this subject before such official conference assemblies.

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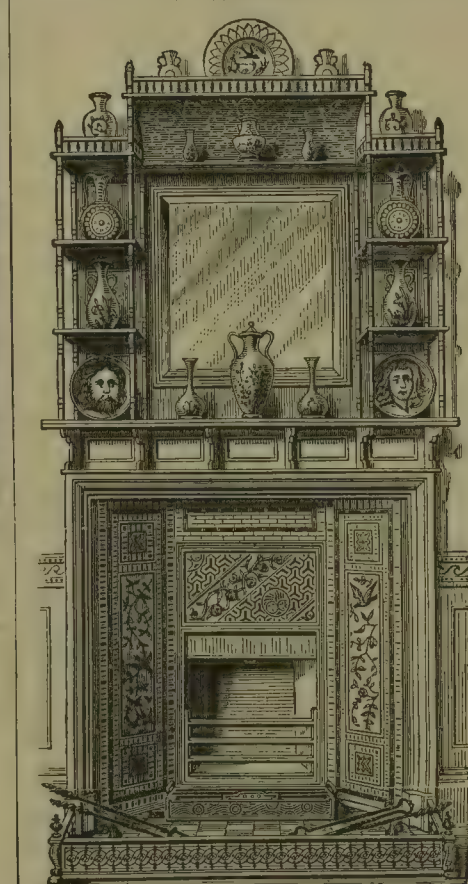
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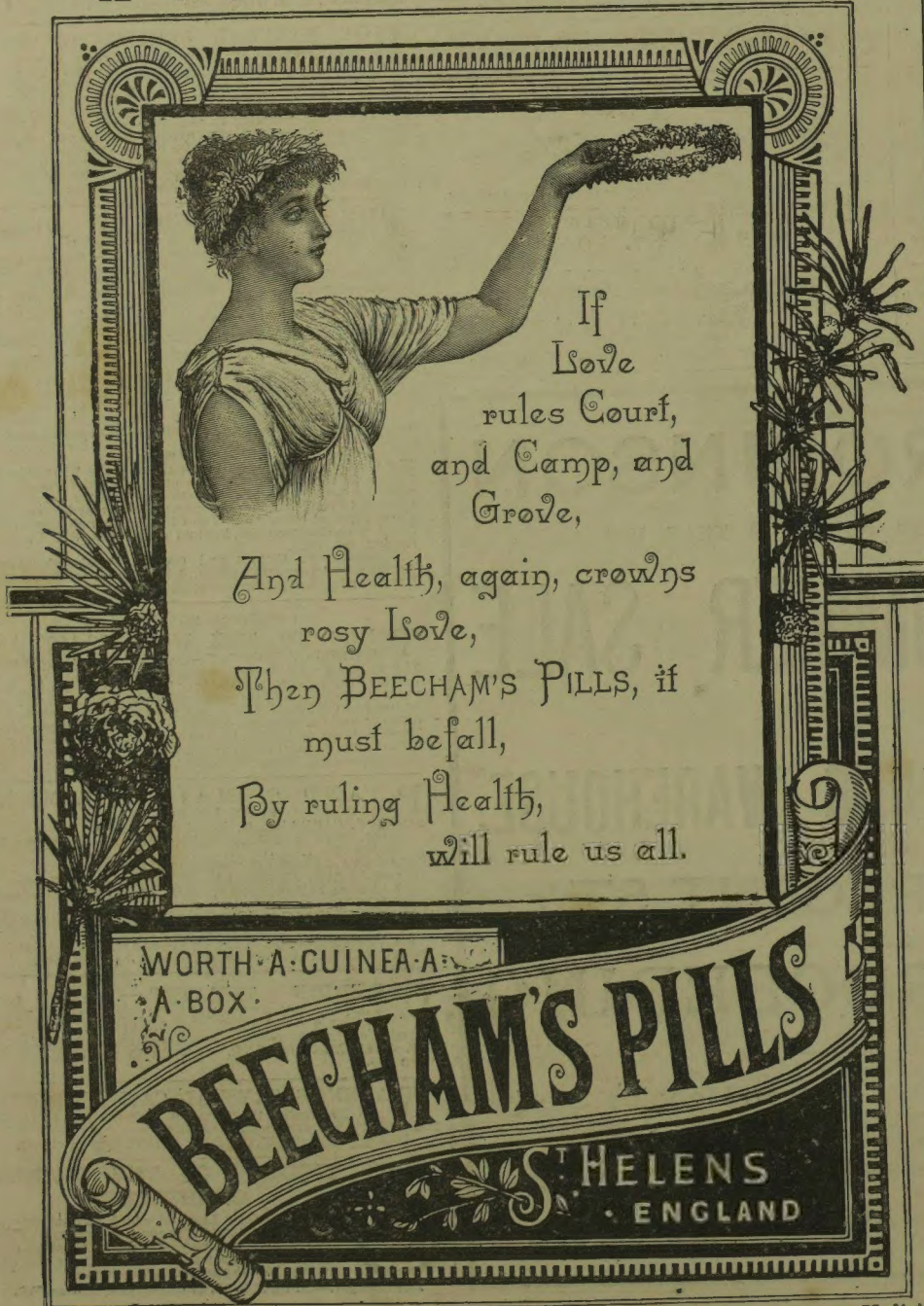
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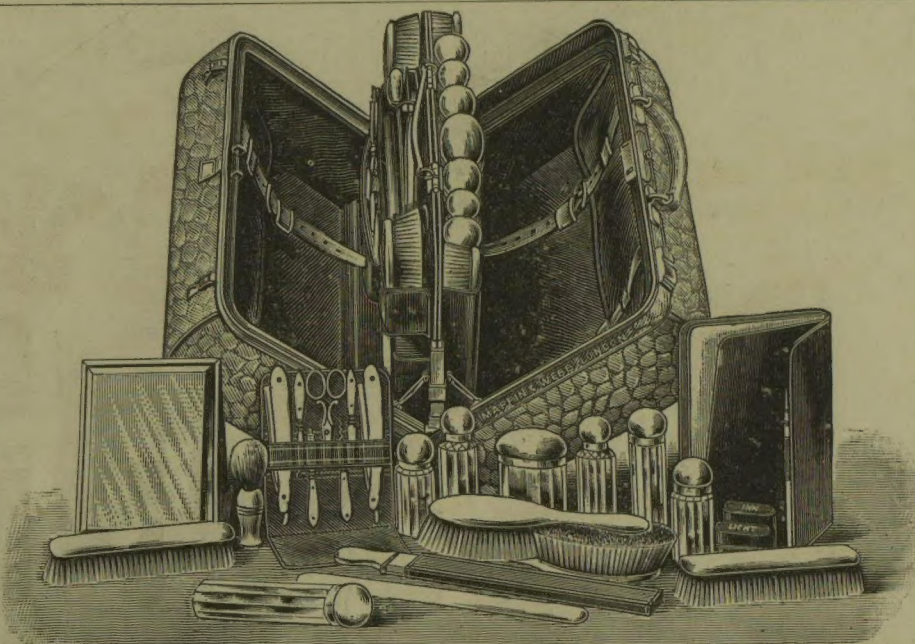


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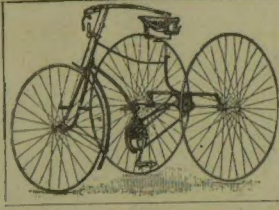
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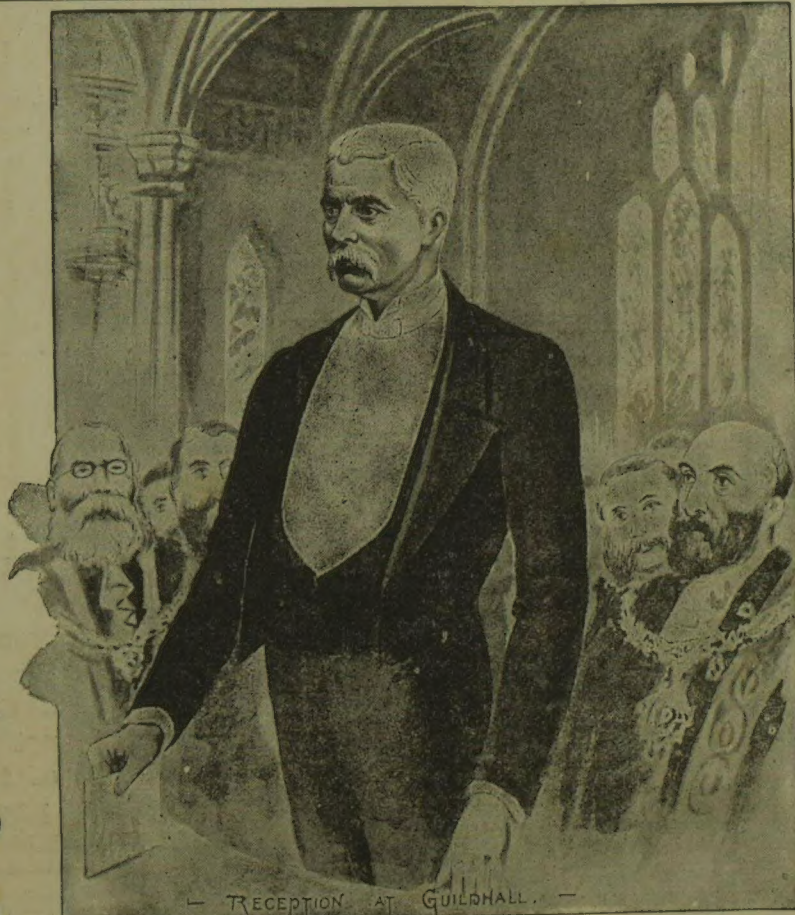
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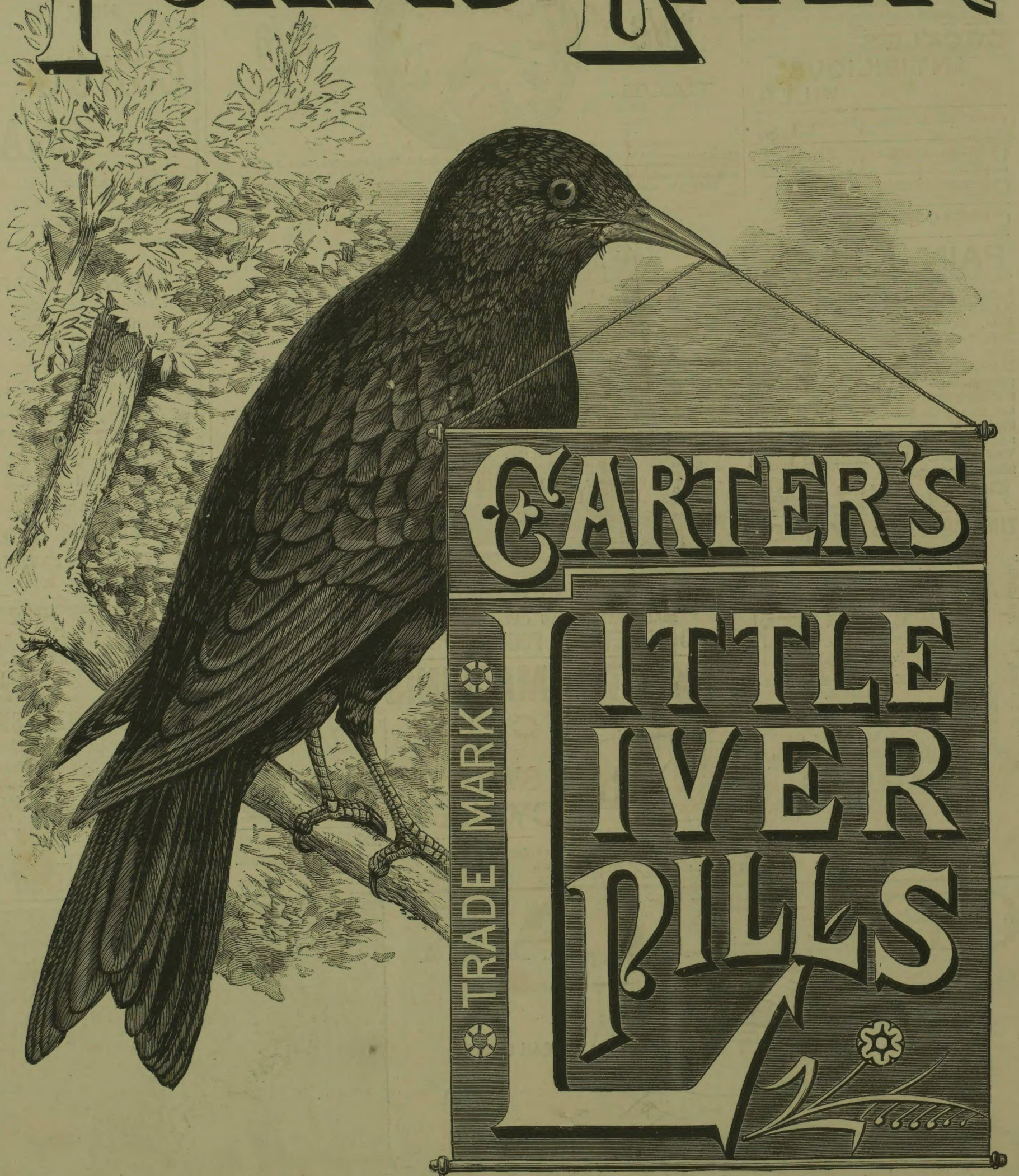
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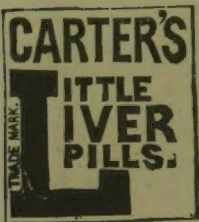
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